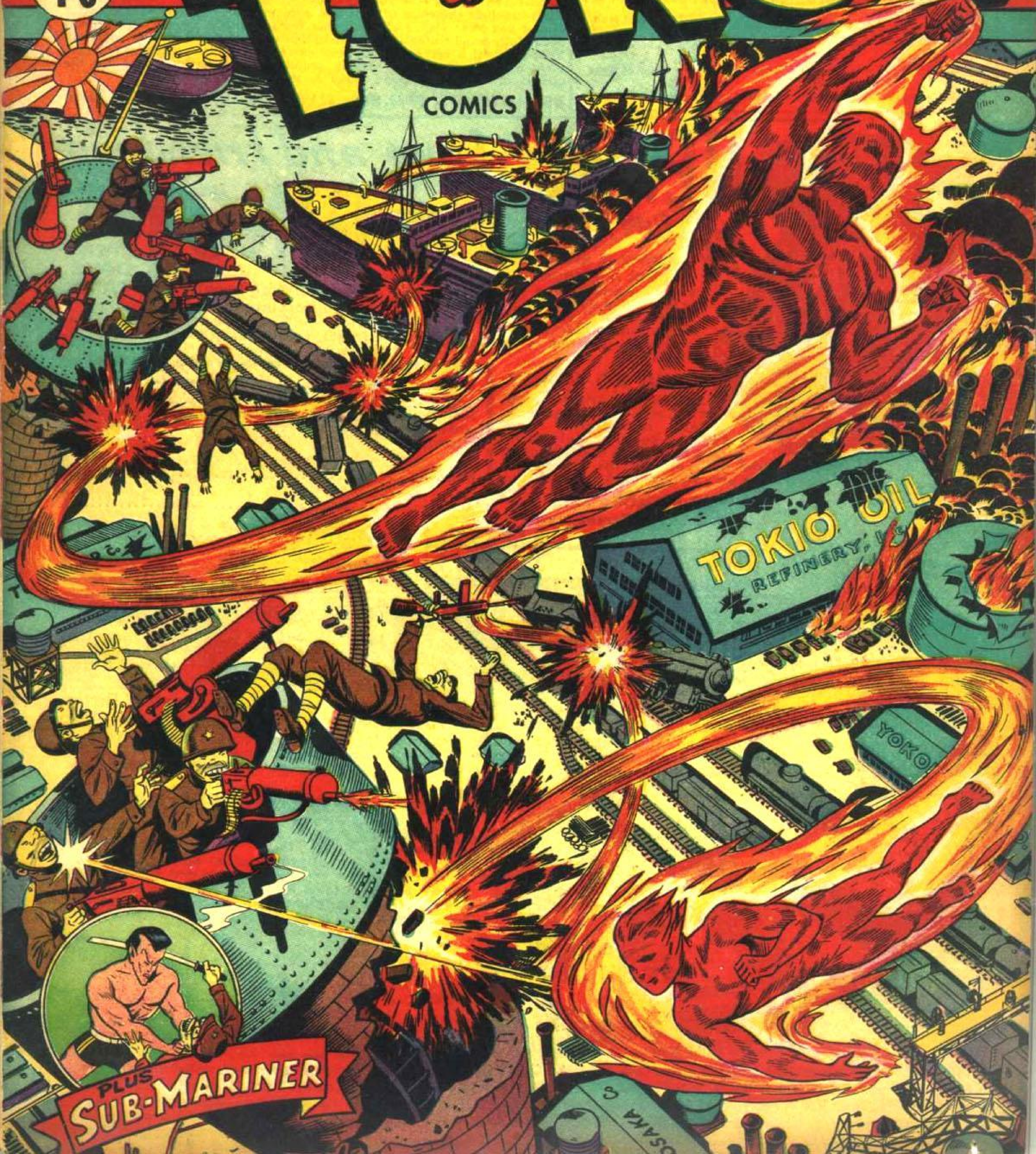
FALL ISSUE

10¢

THE HUMAN TORCH

NO. 16

COMICS


TOKIO OIL
REFINERY, INC.
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New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

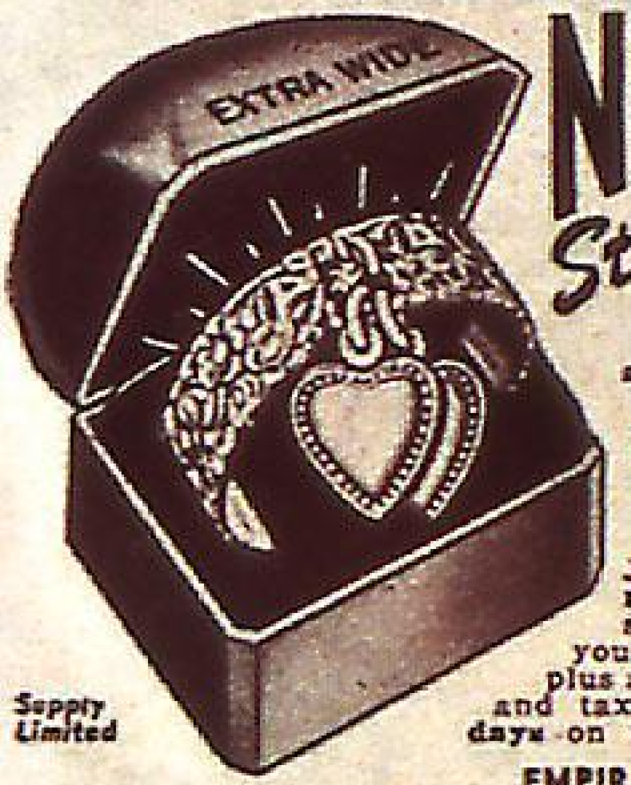
Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 859, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 859, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

	Color of Hair
Name	....
Address	Color of Eyes
City .... State	....



Supply Limited

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The ring that grows in attractiveness and sentiment the longer it is worn. This genuine Sterling Silver ring is extra wide and beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. The ring of romance and true friendship.

No other gift is quite so appropriate among friends or lovers now that so many good friends, pals and sweethearts are far away from each other.

SEND NO MONEY

Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the extra wide band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Design Ring. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name ....

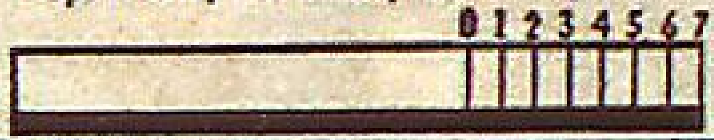
Address ....

City ....

Ring Size.......... State..........................

For Your Ring Size

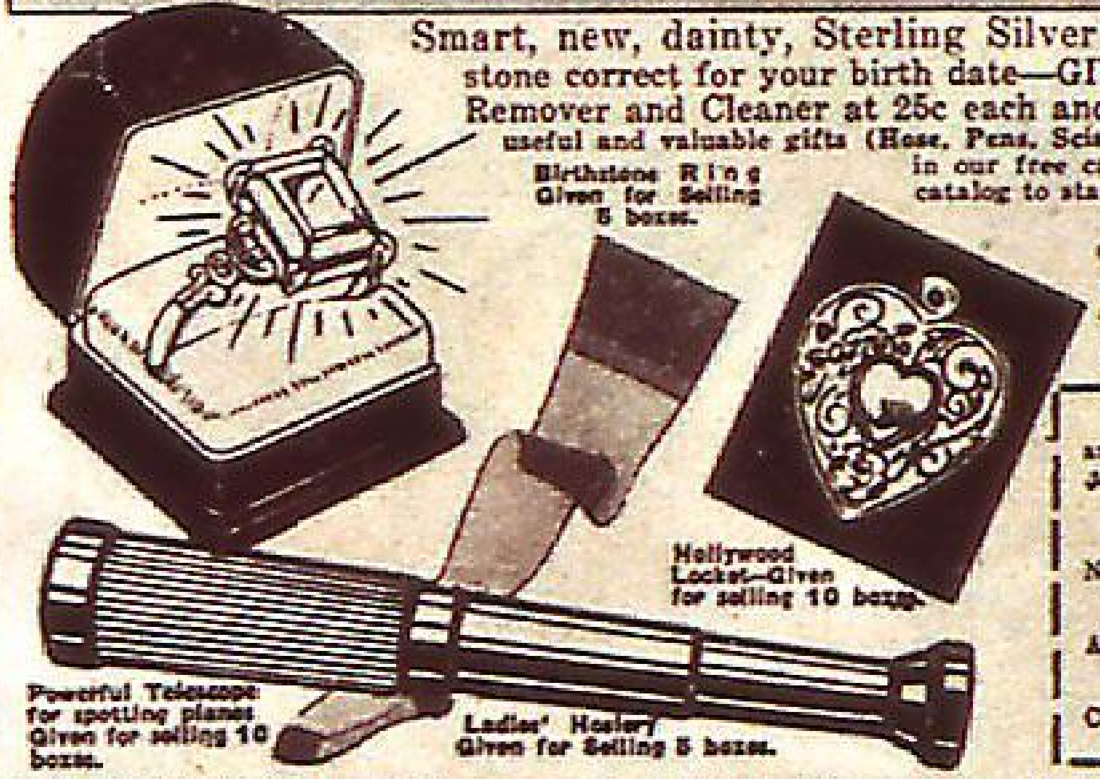
Use handy ring measure at right. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.



Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN *AWAY*

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.



Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Hollywood Locket—Given for selling 10 boxes.

Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hosiery Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-90, Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-90 Jefferson, Iowa.** for order to start.

	Gift I would like to have you send me.
NAME	
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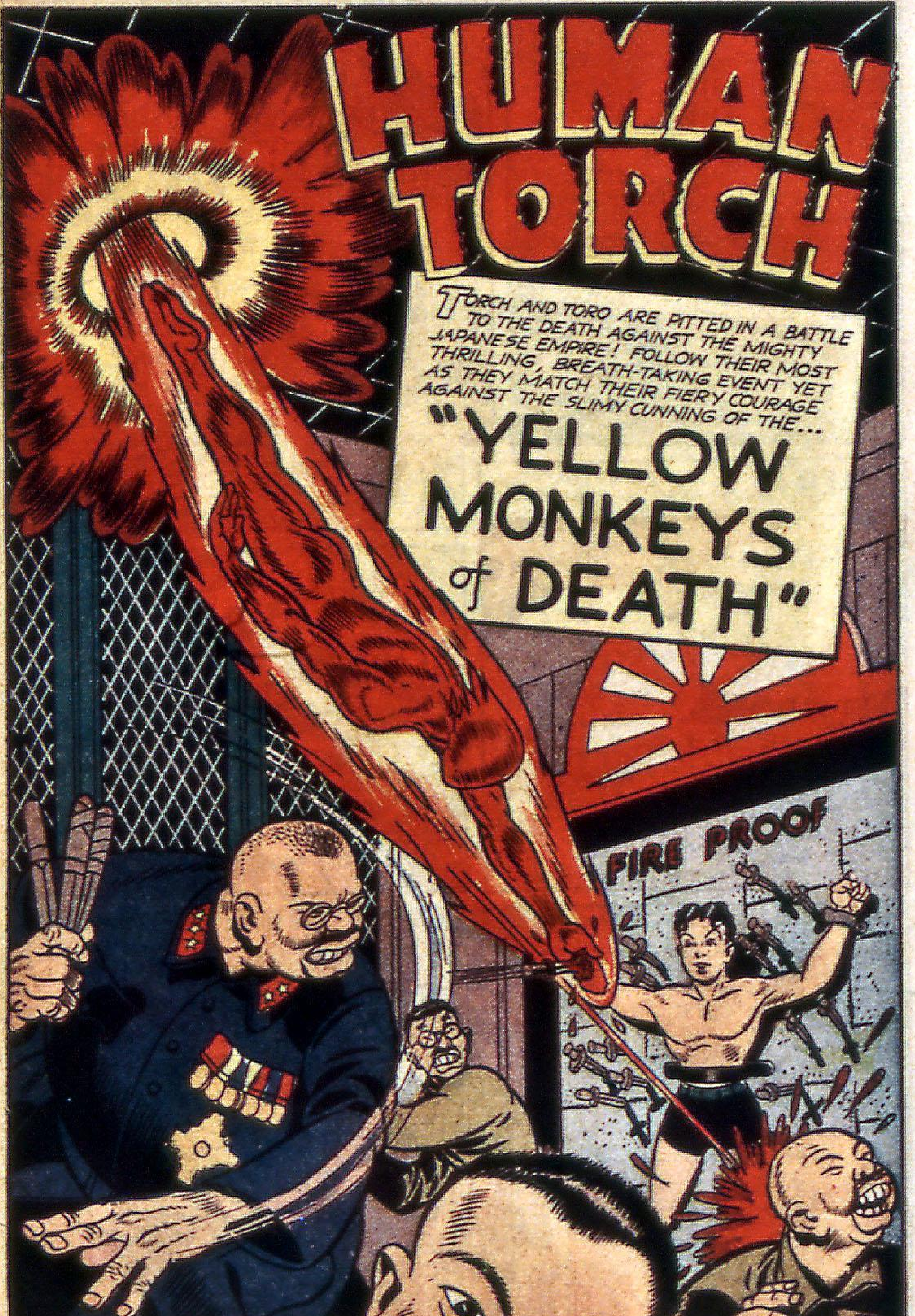
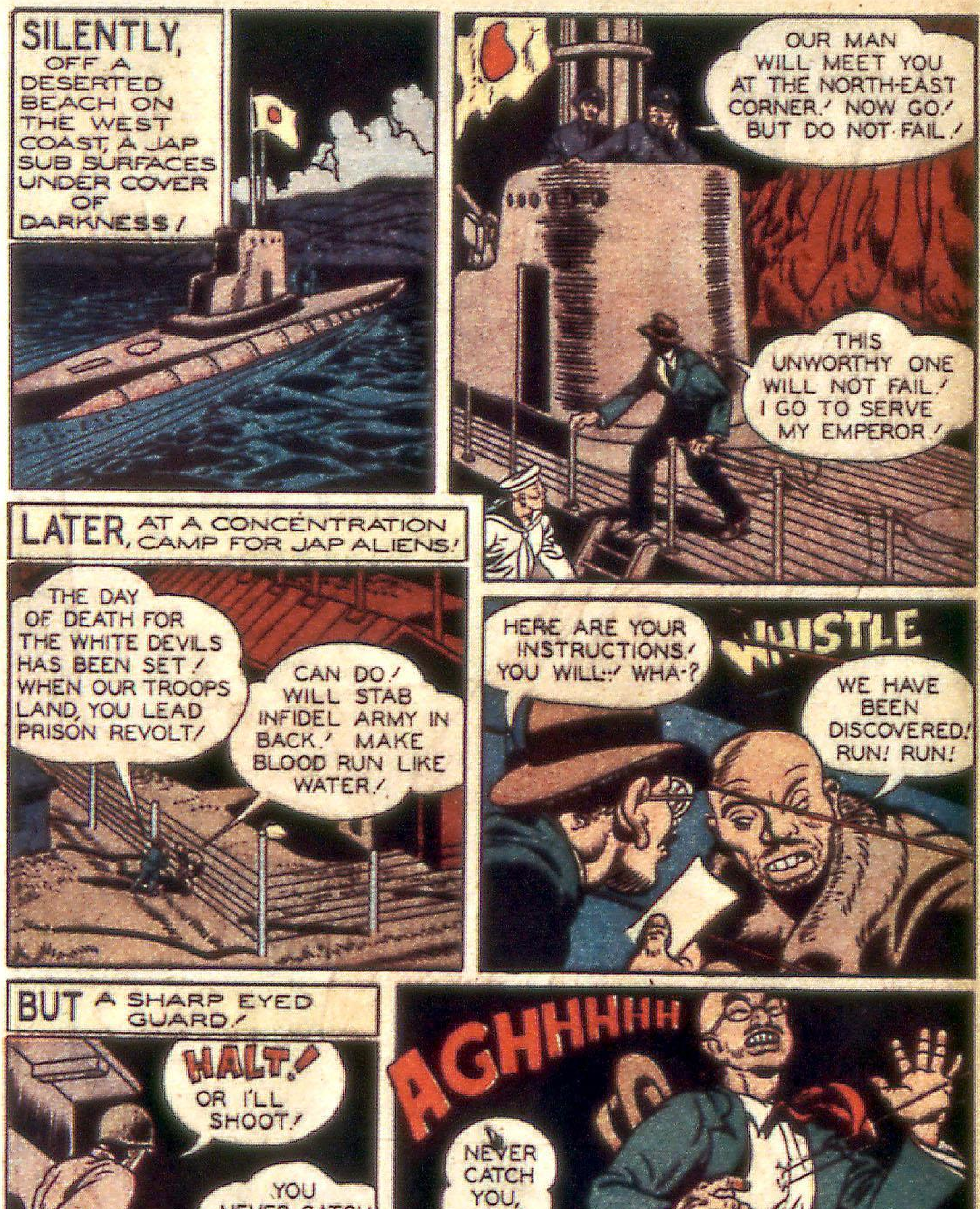
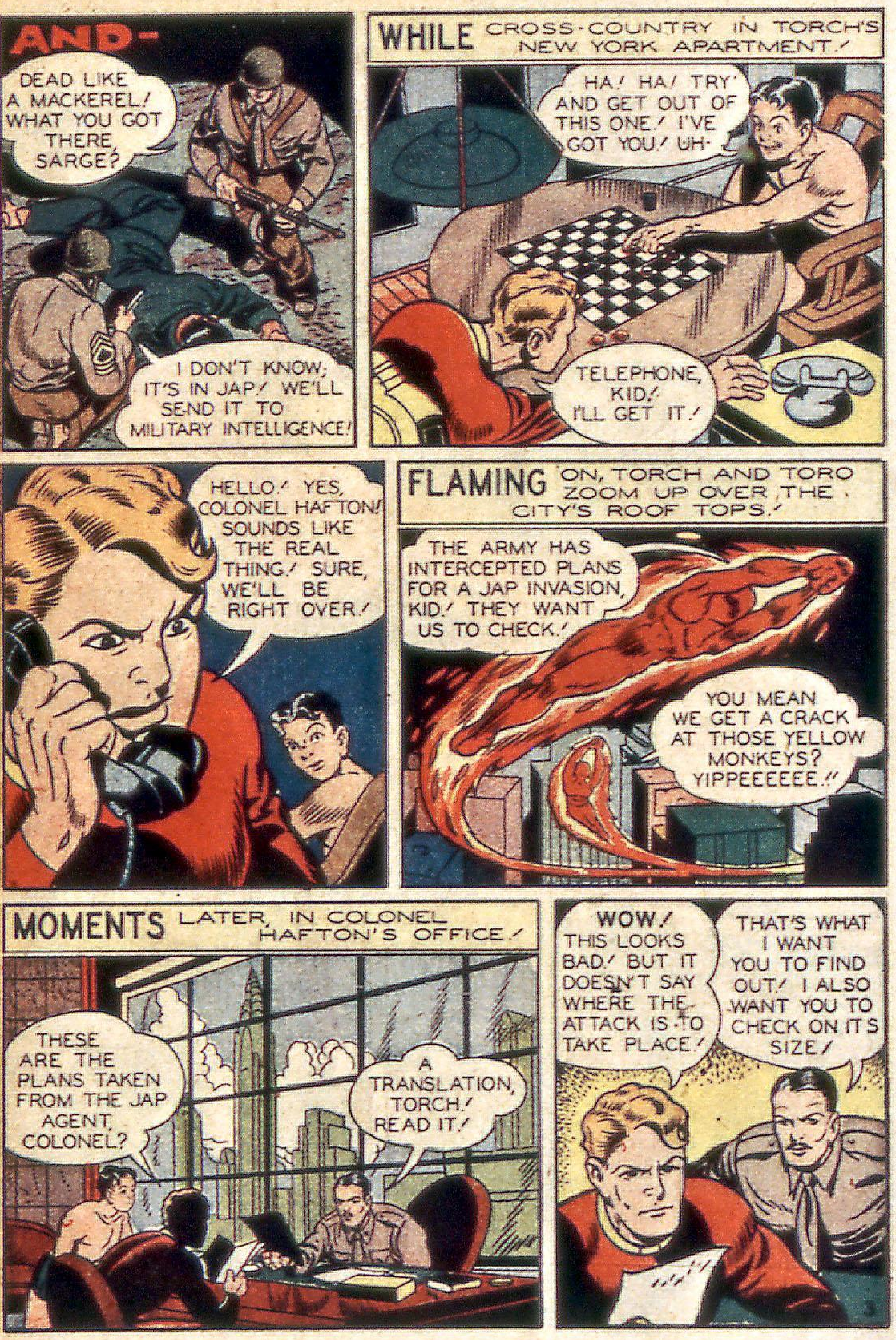
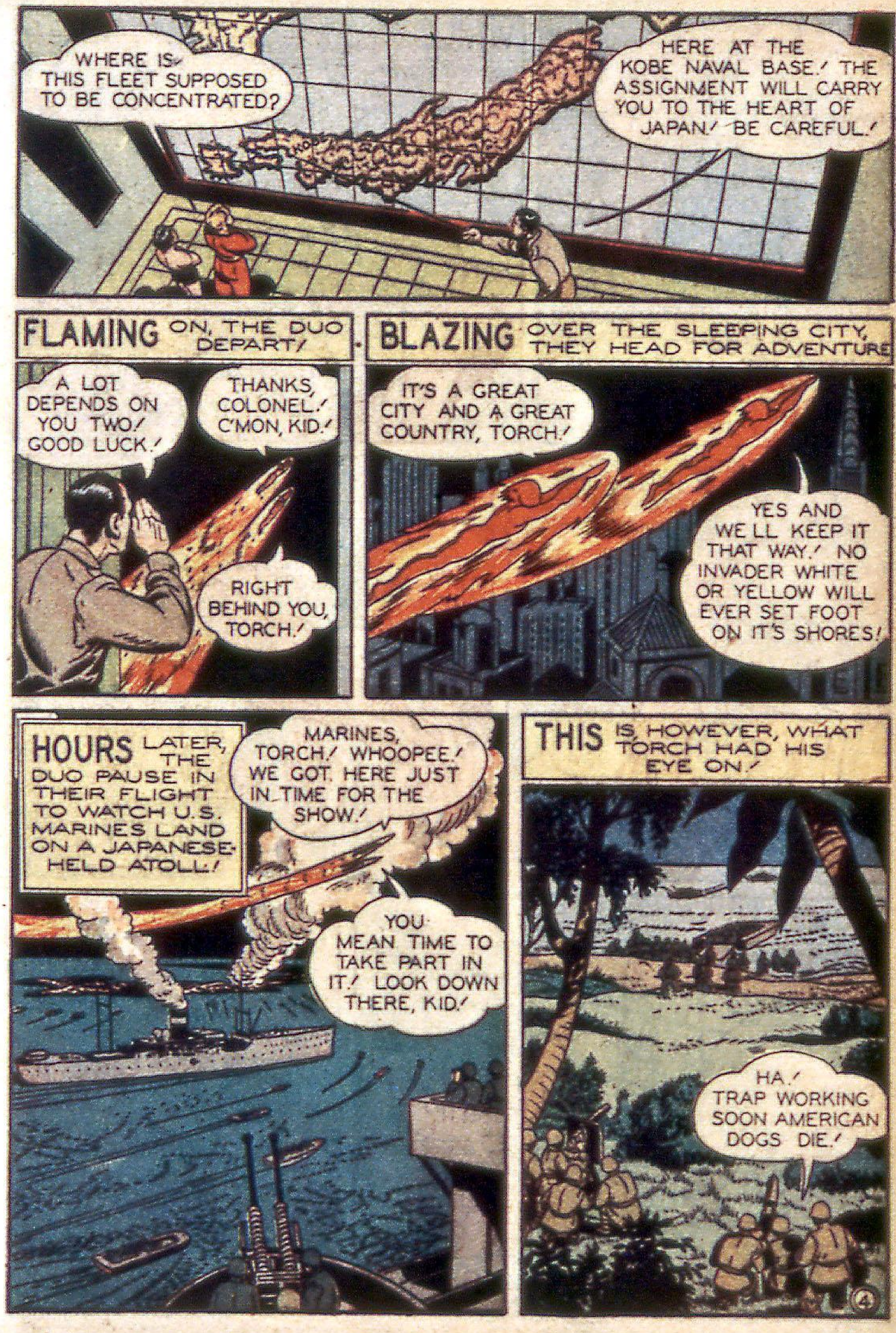
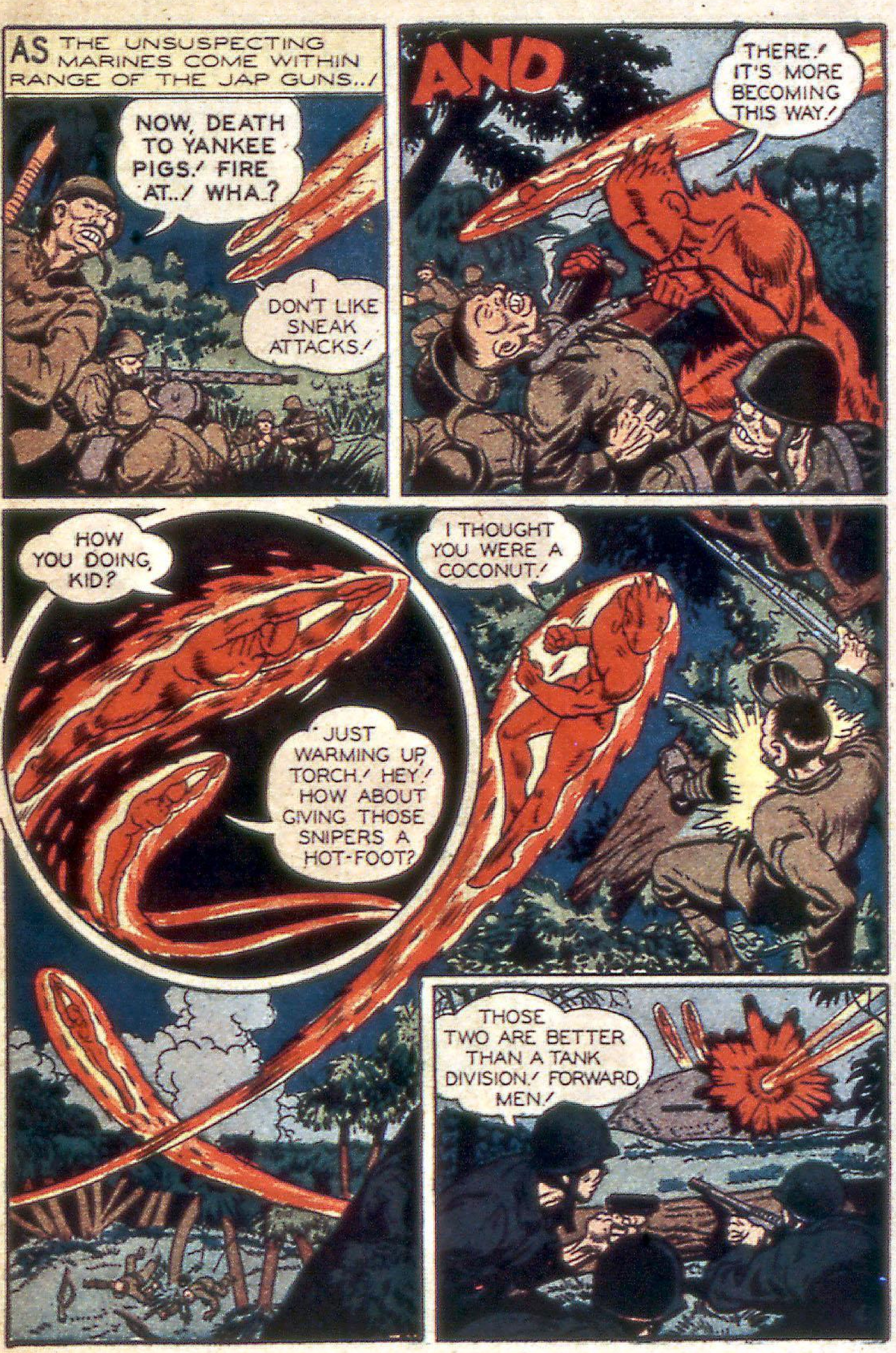

HUMAN TORCH
TORCH AND TORO ARE PITTED IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH AGAINST THE MIGHTY JAPANESE EMPIRE! FOLLOW THEIR MOST THRILLING, BREATH-TAKING EVENT YET AS THEY MATCH THEIR FIERY COURAGE AGAINST THE SLIMY CUNNING OF THE...
"YELLOW MONKEYS of DEATH"
FIRE PROOF

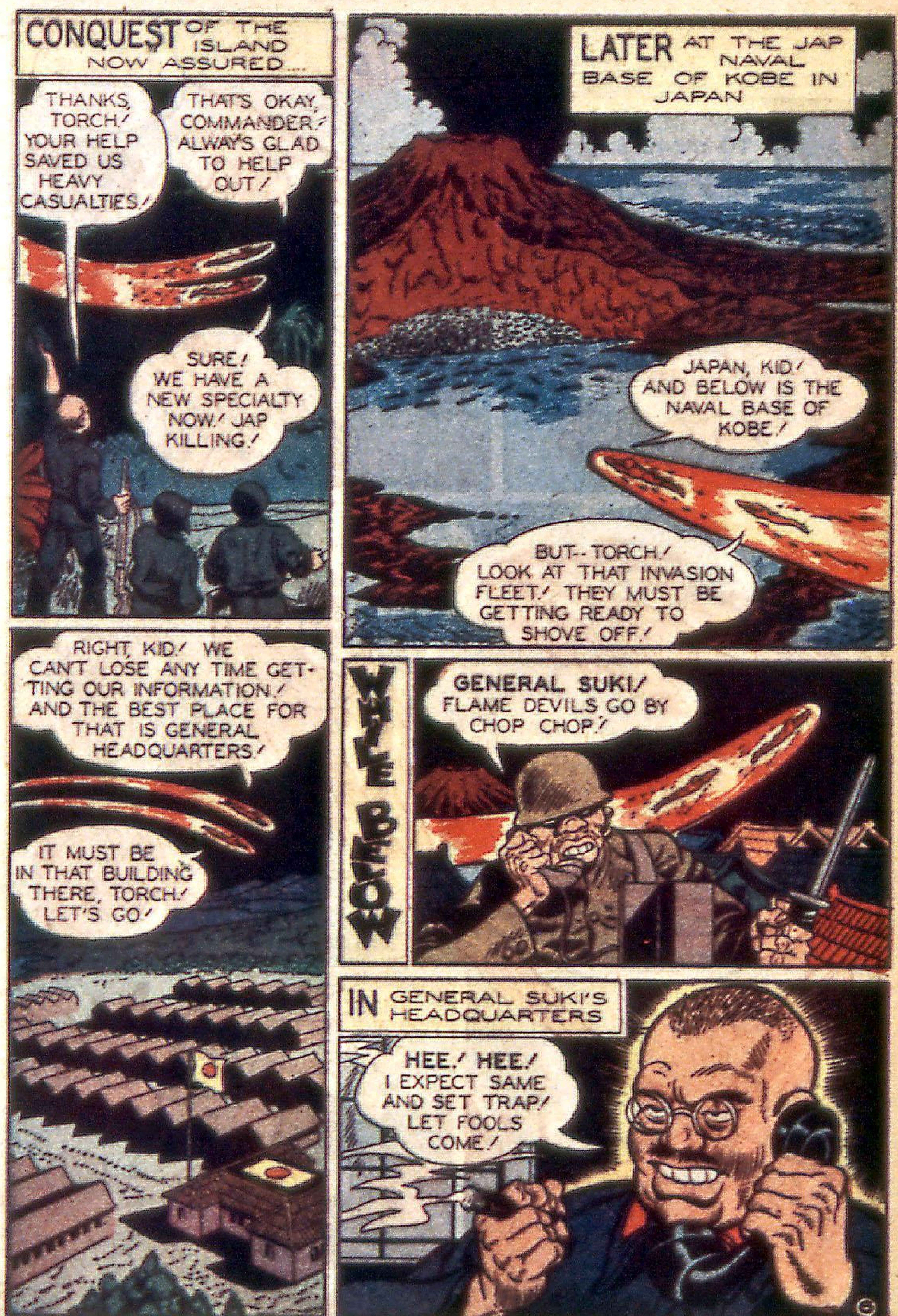
COMIC ART COLLECTION

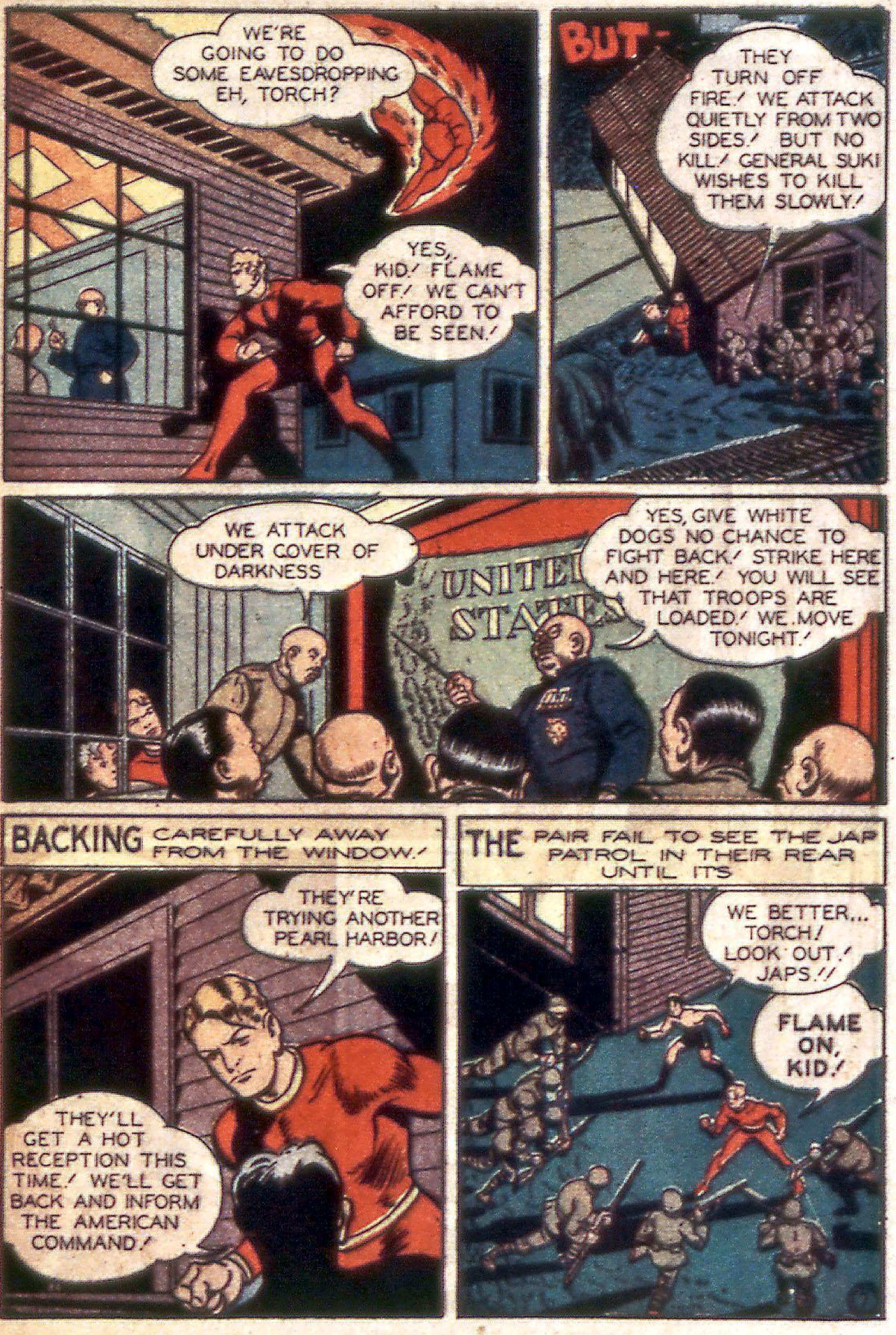

SILENTLY, OFF A DESERTED BEACH ON THE WEST COAST, A JAP SUB SURFACES UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS!
OUR MAN WILL MEET YOU AT THE NORTH-EAST CORNER! NOW GO! BUT DO NOT FAIL!
THIS UNWORTHY ONE WILL NOT FAIL! I GO TO SERVE MY EMPEROR!
LATER, AT A CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR JAP ALIENS!
THE DAY OF DEATH FOR THE WHITE DEVILS HAS BEEN SET! WHEN OUR TROOPS LAND, YOU LEAD PRISON REVOLT!
CAN DO! WILL STAB INFIDEL ARMY IN BACK! MAKE BLOOD RUN LIKE WATER!
HERE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! YOU WILL--! WHA-?
WHISTLE
WE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED! RUN! RUN!
BUT A SHARP EYED GUARD!
HALT! OR I'LL SHOOT!
YOU NEVER CATCH ME!
AGHHHHH
NEVER CATCH YOU, EH?
2

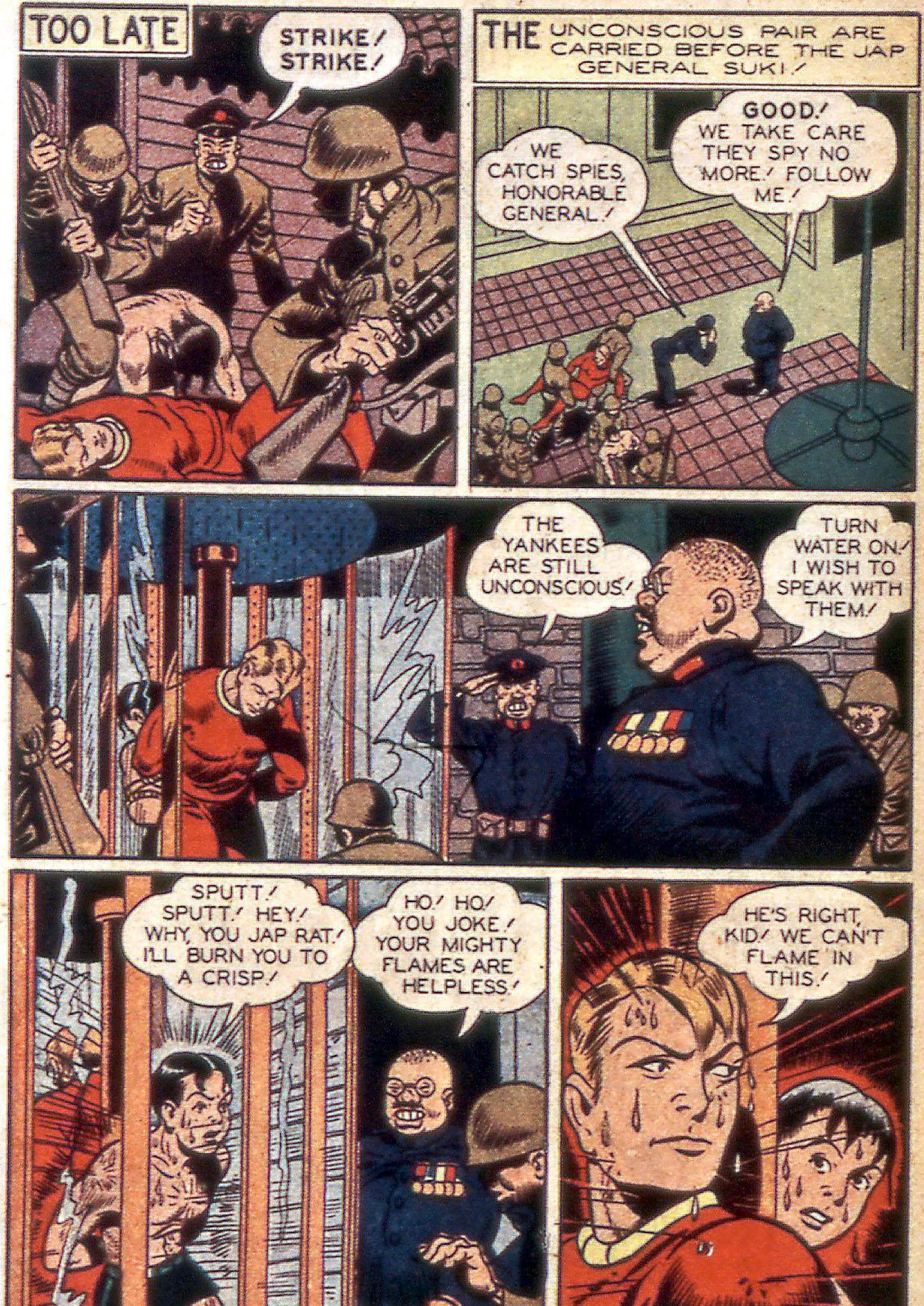

AND-
DEAD LIKE A MACKEREL! WHAT YOU GOT THERE, SARGE?
I DON'T KNOW; IT'S IN JAP! WE'LL SEND IT TO MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!
WHILE CROSS-COUNTRY IN TORCH'S NEW YORK APARTMENT!
HA! HA! TRY AND GET OUT OF THIS ONE! I'VE GOT YOU! UH-
TELEPHONE, KID! I'LL GET IT!
HELLO! YES, COLONEL HAFTON! SOUNDS LIKE THE REAL THING! SURE, WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
FLAMING ON, TORCH AND TORO ZOOM UP OVER THE CITY'S ROOF TOPS!
THE ARMY HAS INTERCEPTED PLANS FOR A JAP INVASION, KID! THEY WANT US TO CHECK!
YOU MEAN WE GET A CRACK AT THOSE YELLOW MONKEYS? YIPPEEEEEE!!
MOMENTS LATER, IN COLONEL HAFTON'S OFFICE!
THESE ARE THE PLANS TAKEN FROM THE JAP AGENT, COLONEL?
A TRANSLATION, TORCH! READ IT!
WOW! THIS LOOKS BAD! BUT IT DOESN'T SAY WHERE THE ATTACK IS TO TAKE PLACE!
THAT'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT! I ALSO WANT YOU TO CHECK ON IT'S SIZE!
3

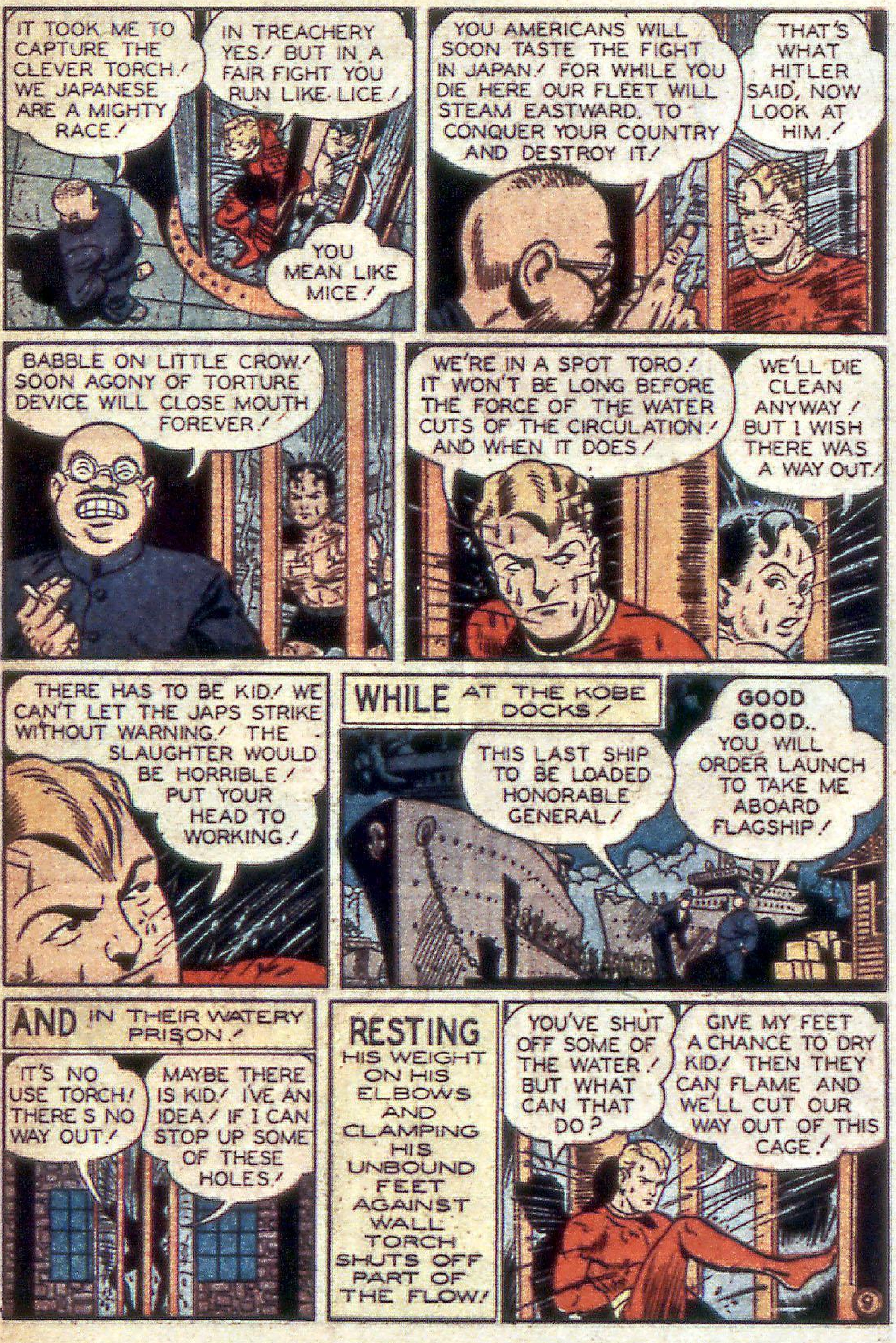

WHERE IS THIS FLEET SUPPOSED TO BE CONCENTRATED?
HERE AT THE KOBE NAVAL BASE! THE ASSIGNMENT WILL CARRY YOU TO THE HEART OF JAPAN! BE CAREFUL!
FLAMING ON, THE DUO DEPART!
A LOT DEPENDS ON YOU TWO! GOOD LUCK!
THANKS, COLONEL! C'MON, KID!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, TORCH!
BLAZING OVER THE SLEEPING CITY, THEY HEAD FOR ADVENTURE
IT'S A GREAT CITY AND A GREAT COUNTRY, TORCH!
YES AND WE'LL KEEP IT THAT WAY! NO INVADER WHITE OR YELLOW WILL EVER SET FOOT ON IT'S SHORES!
HOURS LATER, THE DUO PAUSE IN THEIR FLIGHT TO WATCH U.S. MARINES LAND ON A JAPANESE-HELD ATOLL!
MARINES, TORCH! WHOOPEE! WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME FOR THE SHOW!
YOU MEAN TIME TO TAKE PART IN IT! LOOK DOWN THERE, KID!
THIS IS, HOWEVER, WHAT TORCH HAD HIS EYE ON!
HA! TRAP WORKING SOON AMERICAN DOGS DIE!

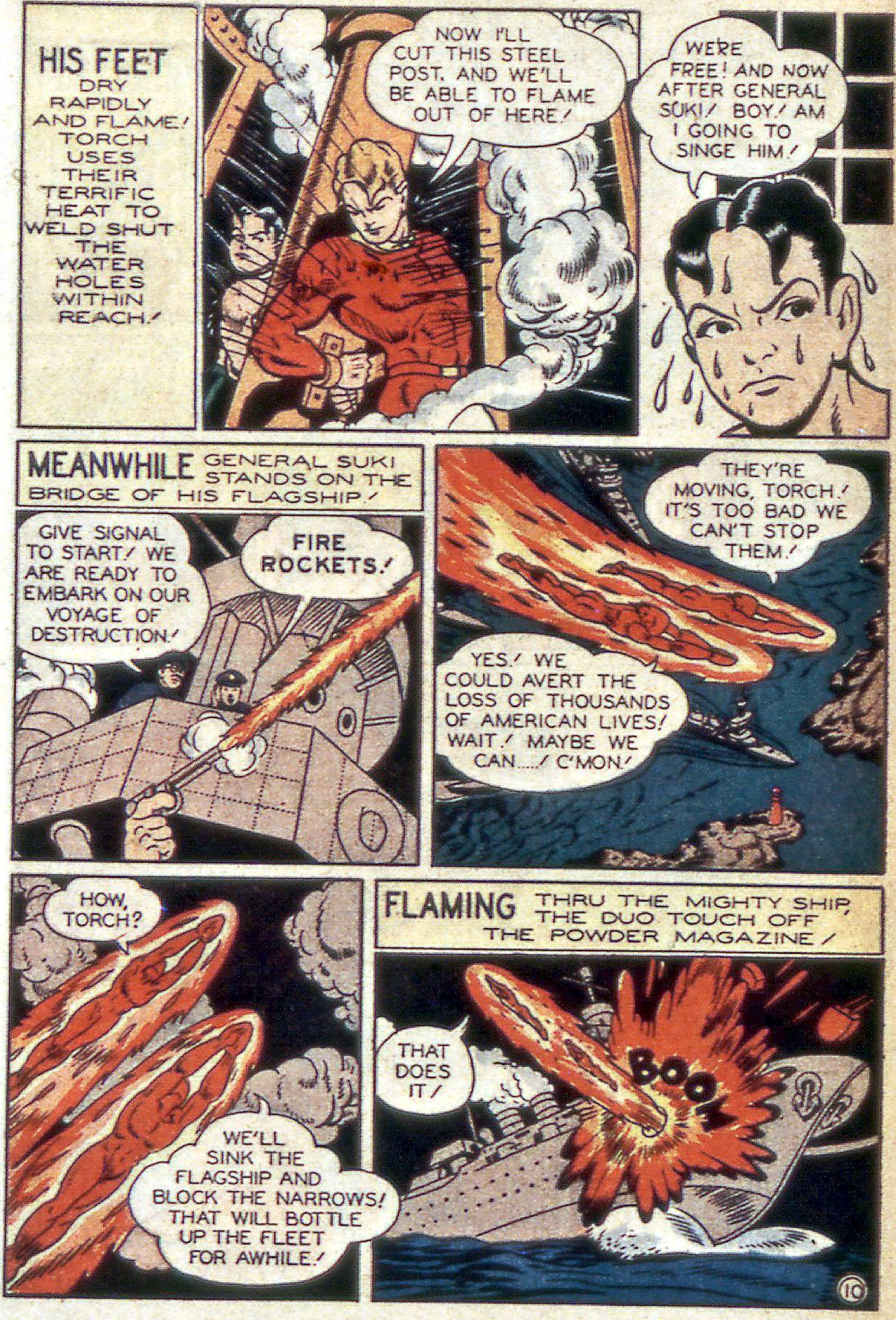

AS THE UNSUSPECTING MARINES COME WITHIN RANGE OF THE JAP GUNS../
NOW, DEATH TO YANKEE PIGS./ FIRE AT../ WHA..?
I DON'T LIKE SNEAK ATTACKS./
AND
THERE./ IT'S MORE BECOMING THIS WAY./
HOW YOU DOING, KID?
JUST WARMING UP, TORCH./ HEY./ HOW ABOUT GIVING THOSE SNIPERS A HOT-FOOT?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A COCONUT./
THOSE TWO ARE BETTER THAN A TANK DIVISION./ FORWARD, MEN./

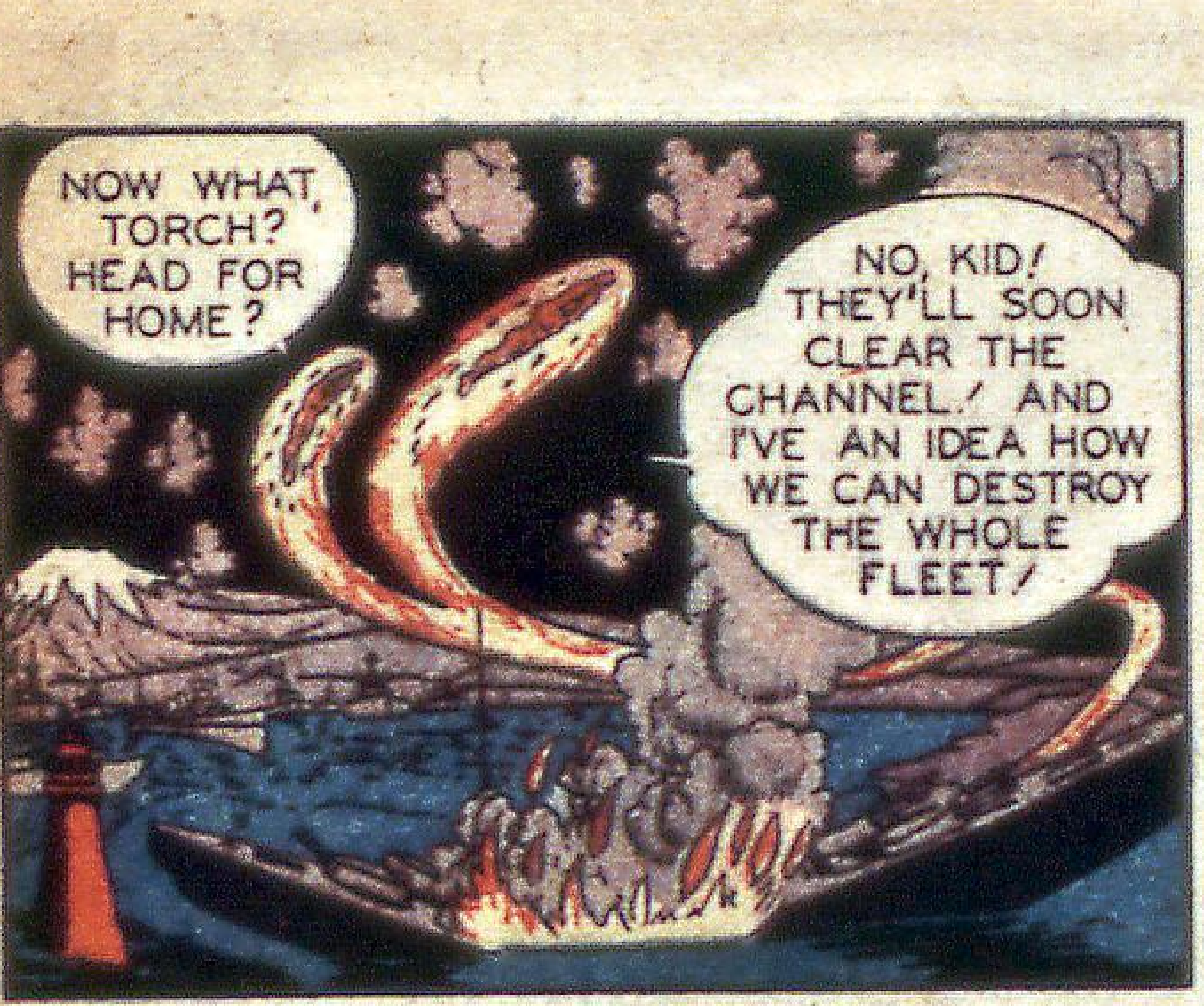

CONQUEST OF THE ISLAND NOW ASSURED....
THANKS, TORCH! YOUR HELP SAVED US HEAVY CASUALTIES!
THAT'S OKAY, COMMANDER! ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP OUT!
SURE! WE HAVE A NEW SPECIALTY NOW! JAP KILLING!
LATER AT THE JAP NAVAL BASE OF KOBE IN JAPAN
JAPAN, KID! AND BELOW IS THE NAVAL BASE OF KOBE!
BUT--TORCH! LOOK AT THAT INVASION FLEET! THEY MUST BE GETTING READY TO SHOVE OFF!
RIGHT, KID! WE CAN'T LOSE ANY TIME GETTING OUR INFORMATION! AND THE BEST PLACE FOR THAT IS GENERAL HEADQUARTERS!
IT MUST BE IN THAT BUILDING THERE, TORCH! LET'S GO!
WHILE BELOW
GENERAL SUKI! FLAME DEVILS GO BY CHOP CHOP!
IN GENERAL SUKI'S HEADQUARTERS
HEE! HEE! I EXPECT SAME AND SET TRAP! LET FOOLS COME!
6

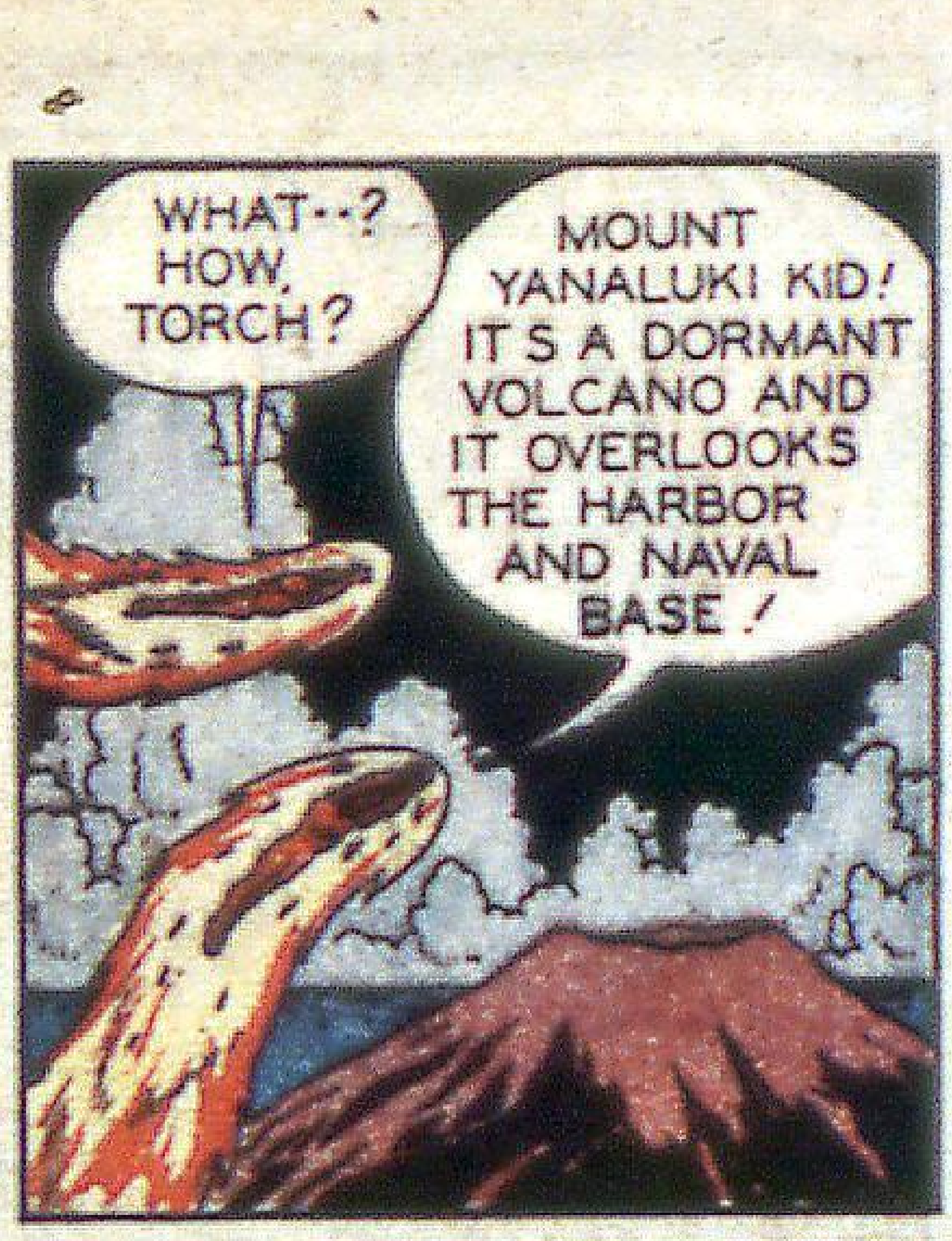

WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME EAVESDROPPING EH, TORCH?
YES, KID! FLAME OFF! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SEEN!
BUT-
THEY TURN OFF FIRE! WE ATTACK QUIETLY FROM TWO SIDES! BUT NO KILL! GENERAL SUKI WISHES TO KILL THEM SLOWLY!
WE ATTACK UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS
UNITED STATES
YES, GIVE WHITE DOGS NO CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK! STRIKE HERE AND HERE! YOU WILL SEE THAT TROOPS ARE LOADED! WE MOVE TONIGHT!
BACKING CAREFULLY AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!
THEY'RE TRYING ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR!
THEY'LL GET A HOT RECEPTION THIS TIME! WE'LL GET BACK AND INFORM THE AMERICAN COMMAND!
THE PAIR FAIL TO SEE THE JAP PATROL IN THEIR REAR UNTIL IT'S
WE BETTER... TORCH! LOOK OUT! JAPS!!
FLAME ON, KID!

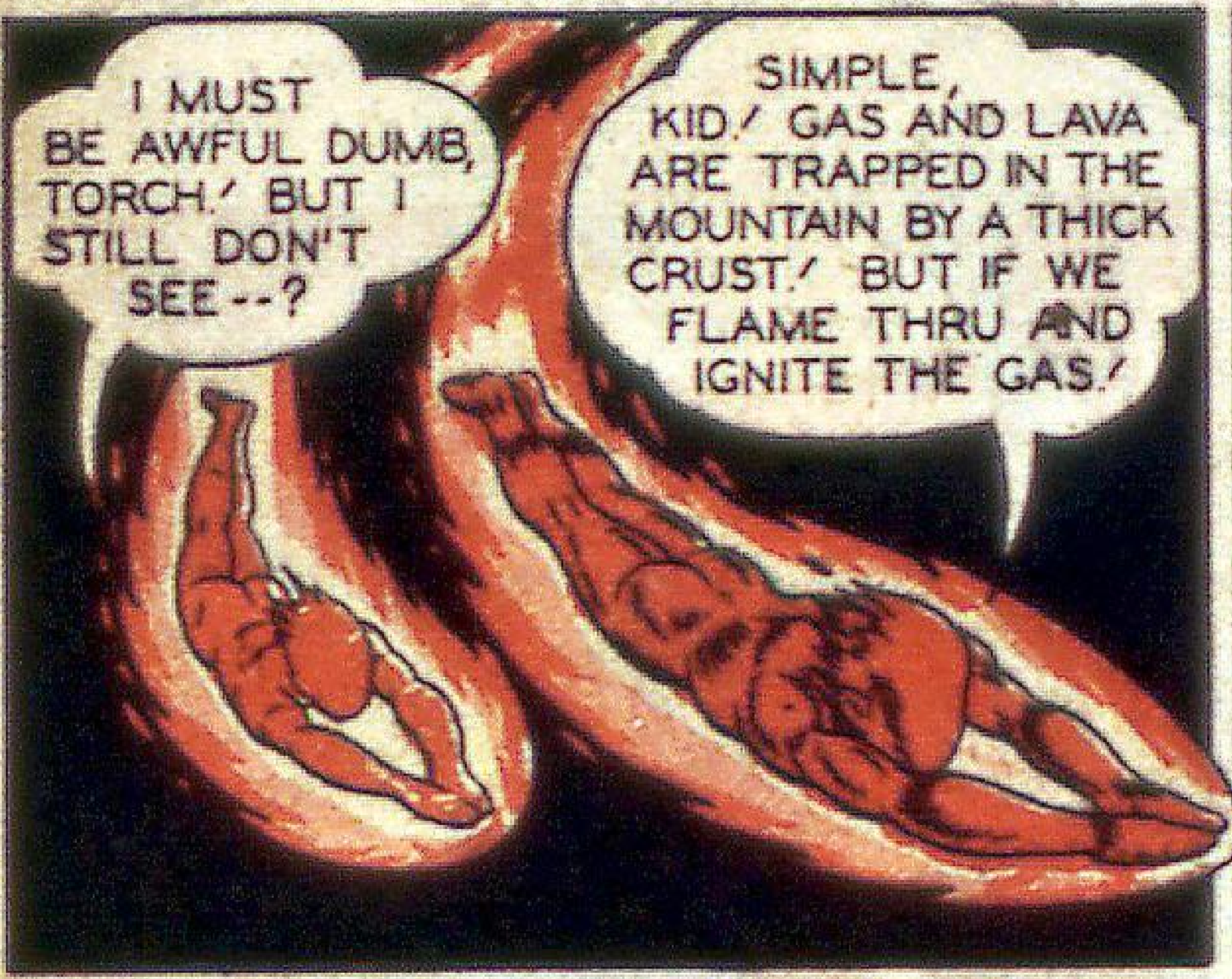

TOO LATE
STRIKE! STRIKE!
THE UNCONSCIOUS PAIR ARE CARRIED BEFORE THE JAP GENERAL SUKI!
WE CATCH SPIES, HONORABLE GENERAL!
GOOD! WE TAKE CARE THEY SPY NO MORE! FOLLOW ME!
THE YANKEES ARE STILL UNCONSCIOUS!
TURN WATER ON! I WISH TO SPEAK WITH THEM!
SPUTT! SPUTT! HEY! WHY, YOU JAP RAT! I'LL BURN YOU TO A CRISP!
HO! HO! YOU JOKE! YOUR MIGHTY FLAMES ARE HELPLESS!
HE'S RIGHT, KID! WE CAN'T FLAME IN THIS!

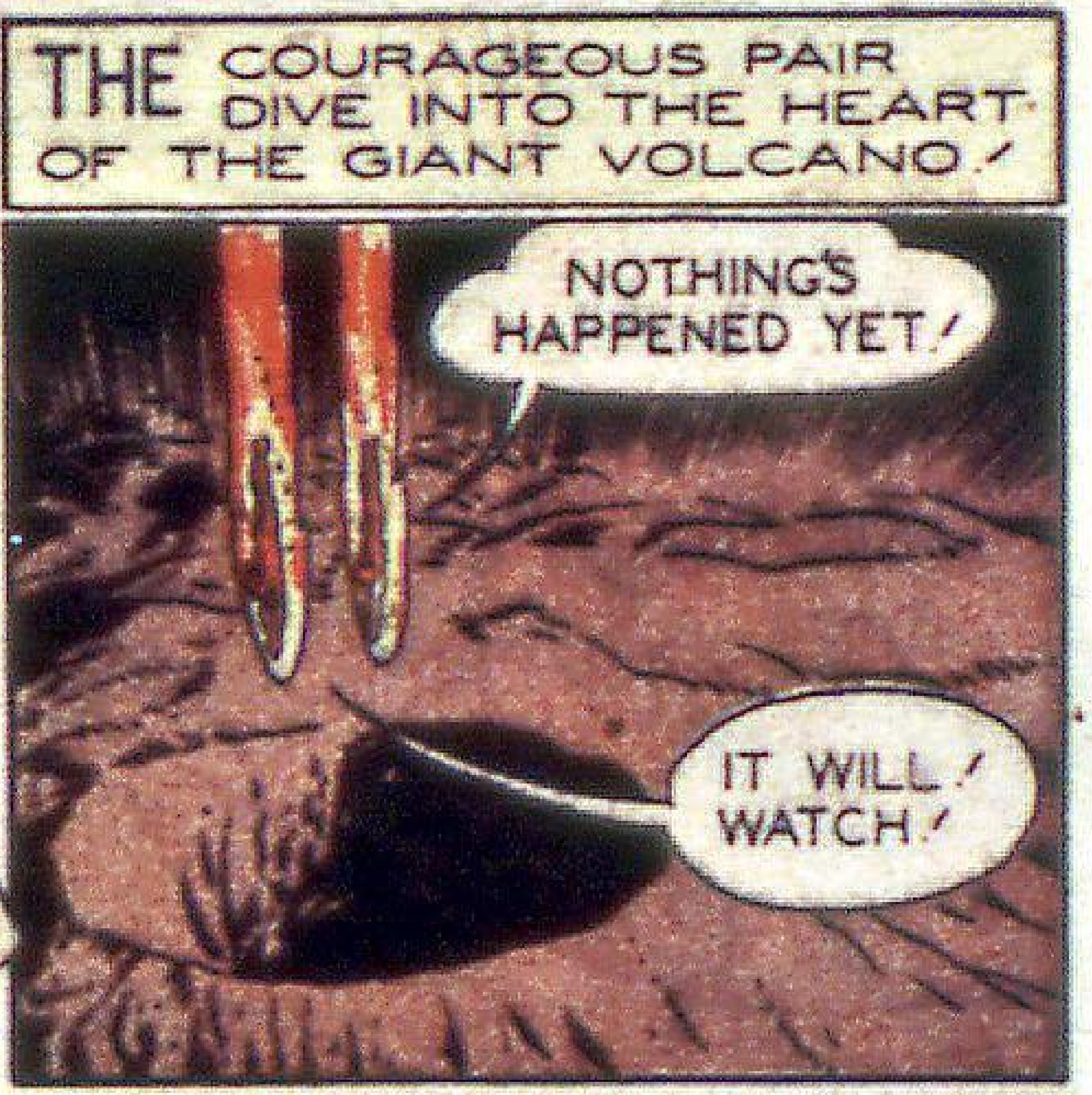

IT TOOK ME TO CAPTURE THE CLEVER TORCH! WE JAPANESE ARE A MIGHTY RACE!
IN TREACHERY YES! BUT IN A FAIR FIGHT YOU RUN LIKE LICE!
YOU MEAN LIKE MICE!
YOU AMERICANS WILL SOON TASTE THE FIGHT IN JAPAN! FOR WHILE YOU DIE HERE OUR FLEET WILL STEAM EASTWARD. TO CONQUER YOUR COUNTRY AND DESTROY IT!
THAT'S WHAT HITLER SAID, NOW LOOK AT HIM!
BABBLE ON LITTLE CROW! SOON AGONY OF TORTURE DEVICE WILL CLOSE MOUTH FOREVER!
WE'RE IN A SPOT TORO! IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THE FORCE OF THE WATER CUTS OF THE CIRCULATION! AND WHEN IT DOES!
WE'LL DIE CLEAN ANYWAY! BUT I WISH THERE WAS A WAY OUT!
THERE HAS TO BE KID! WE CAN'T LET THE JAPS STRIKE WITHOUT WARNING! THE SLAUGHTER WOULD BE HORRIBLE! PUT YOUR HEAD TO WORKING!
WHILE AT THE KOBE DOCKS!
THIS LAST SHIP TO BE LOADED HONORABLE GENERAL!
GOOD GOOD.. YOU WILL ORDER LAUNCH TO TAKE ME ABOARD FLAGSHIP!
AND IN THEIR WATERY PRISON!
IT'S NO USE TORCH! THERE S NO WAY OUT!
MAYBE THERE IS KID! I'VE AN IDEA! IF I CAN STOP UP SOME OF THESE HOLES!
RESTING HIS WEIGHT ON HIS ELBOWS AND CLAMPING HIS UNBOUND FEET AGAINST WALL TORCH SHUTS OFF PART OF THE FLOW!
YOU'VE SHUT OFF SOME OF THE WATER! BUT WHAT CAN THAT DO?
GIVE MY FEET A CHANCE TO DRY KID! THEN THEY CAN FLAME AND WE'LL CUT OUR WAY OUT OF THIS CAGE!
9

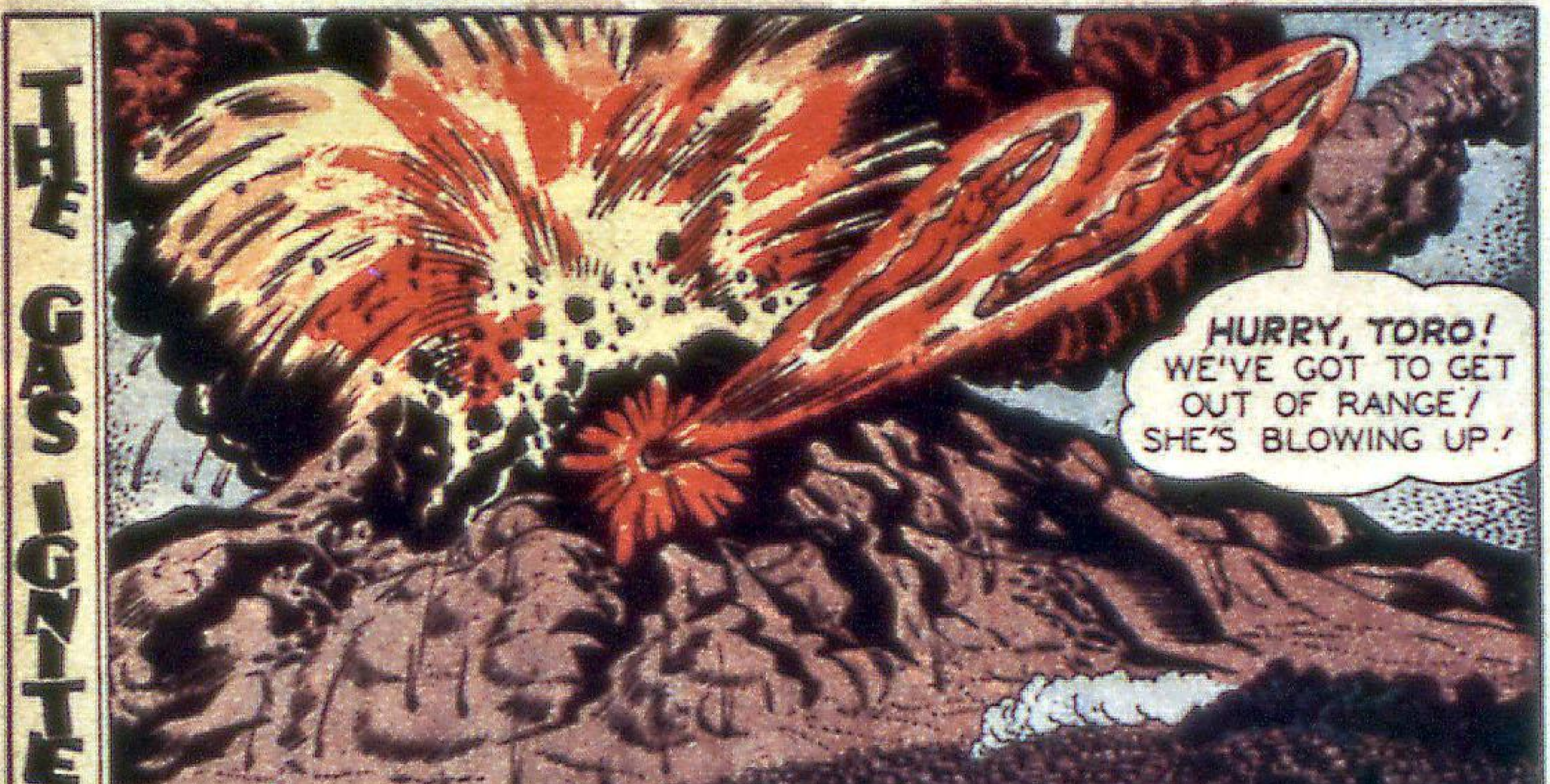

HIS FEET DRY RAPIDLY AND FLAME! TORCH USES THEIR TERRIFIC HEAT TO WELD SHUT THE WATER HOLES WITHIN REACH!
NOW I'LL CUT THIS STEEL POST. AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO FLAME OUT OF HERE!
WE'RE FREE! AND NOW AFTER GENERAL SUKI! BOY! AM I GOING TO SINGE HIM!
MEANWHILE GENERAL SUKI STANDS ON THE BRIDGE OF HIS FLAGSHIP!
GIVE SIGNAL TO START! WE ARE READY TO EMBARK ON OUR VOYAGE OF DESTRUCTION!
FIRE ROCKETS!
THEY'RE MOVING, TORCH! IT'S TOO BAD WE CAN'T STOP THEM!
YES! WE COULD AVERT THE LOSS OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN LIVES! WAIT! MAYBE WE CAN....! C'MON!
HOW, TORCH?
WE'LL SINK THE FLAGSHIP AND BLOCK THE NARROWS! THAT WILL BOTTLE UP THE FLEET FOR AWHILE!
FLAMING THRU THE MIGHTY SHIP, THE DUO TOUCH OFF THE POWDER MAGAZINE!
THAT DOES IT!
BOOM
10

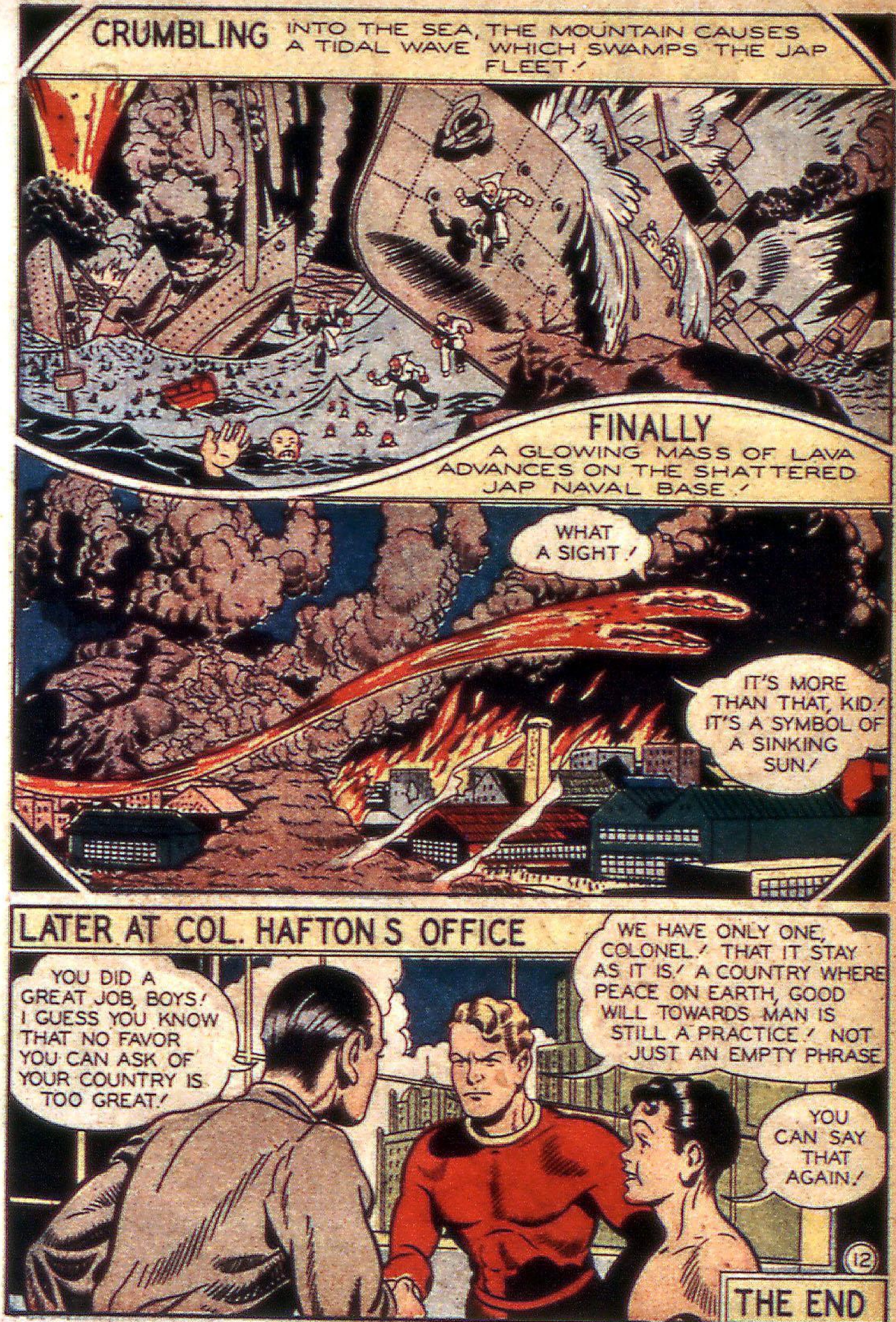

NOW WHAT, TORCH? HEAD FOR HOME?
NO, KID! THEY'LL SOON CLEAR THE CHANNEL! AND I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN DESTROY THE WHOLE FLEET!

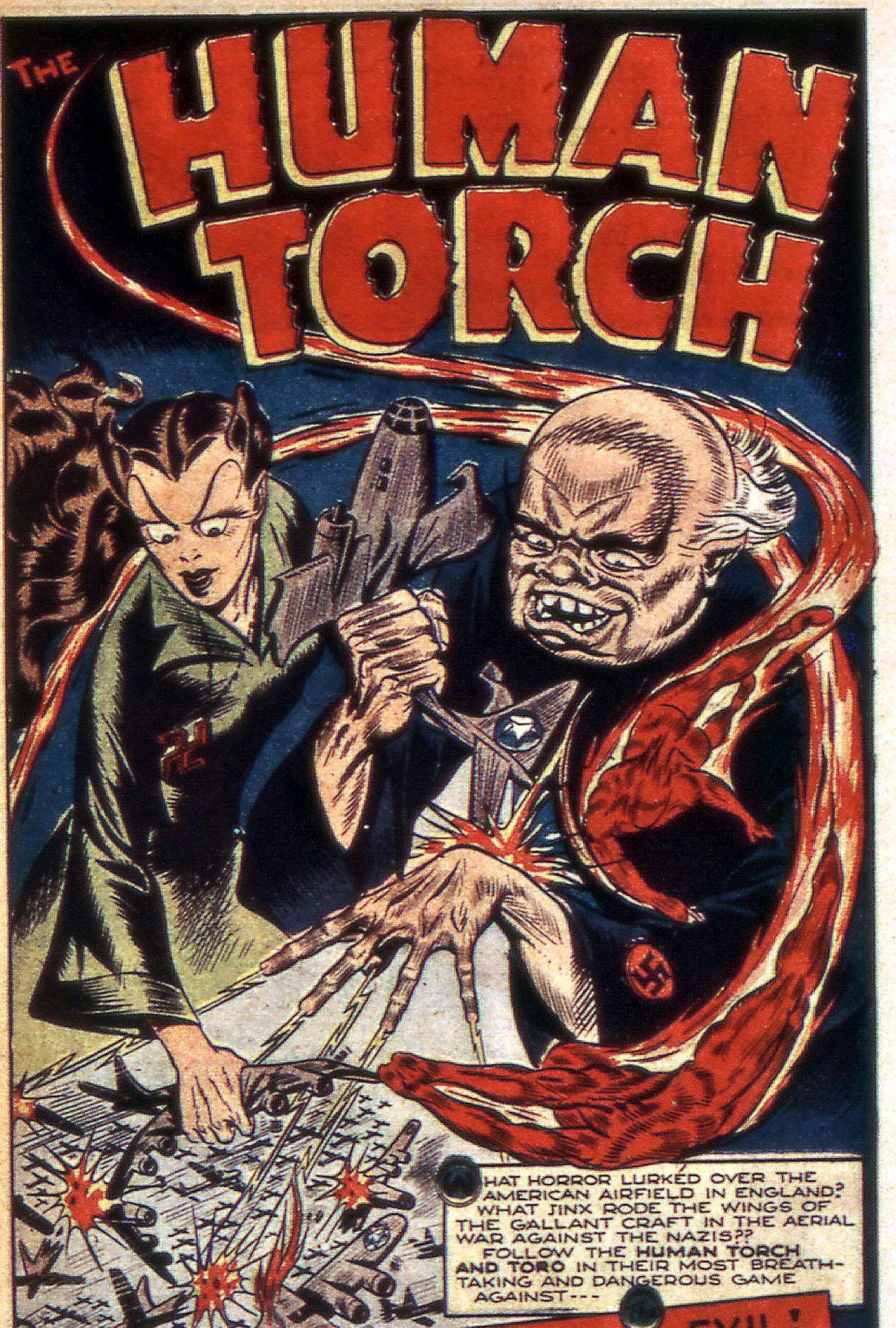

WHAT--? HOW, TORCH?
MOUNT YANALUKI KID! IT'S A DORMANT VOLCANO AND IT OVERLOOKS THE HARBOR AND NAVAL BASE!

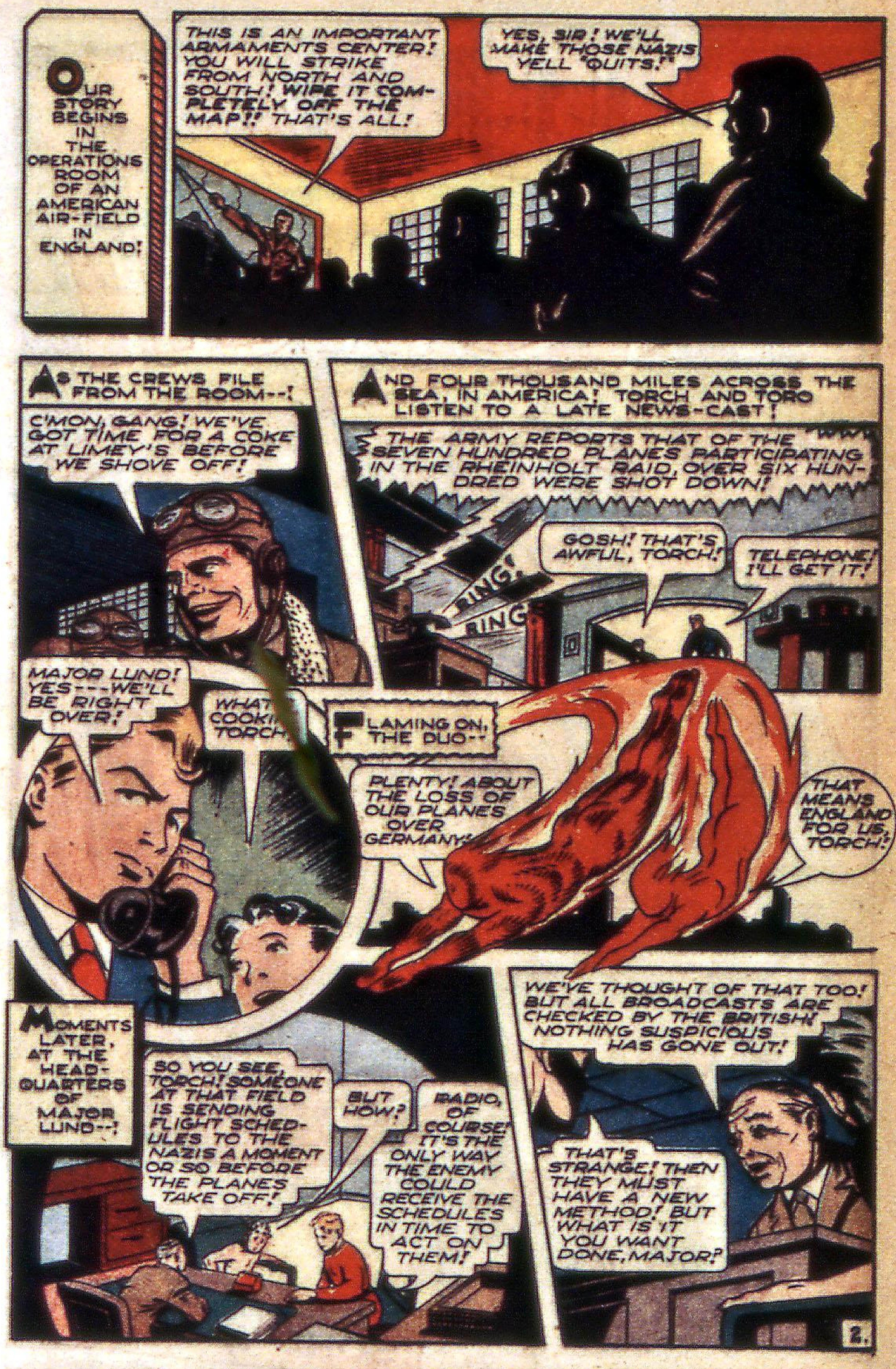

I MUST BE AWFUL DUMB, TORCH! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE--?
SIMPLE, KID! GAS AND LAVA ARE TRAPPED IN THE MOUNTAIN BY A THICK CRUST! BUT IF WE FLAME THRU AND IGNITE THE GAS!

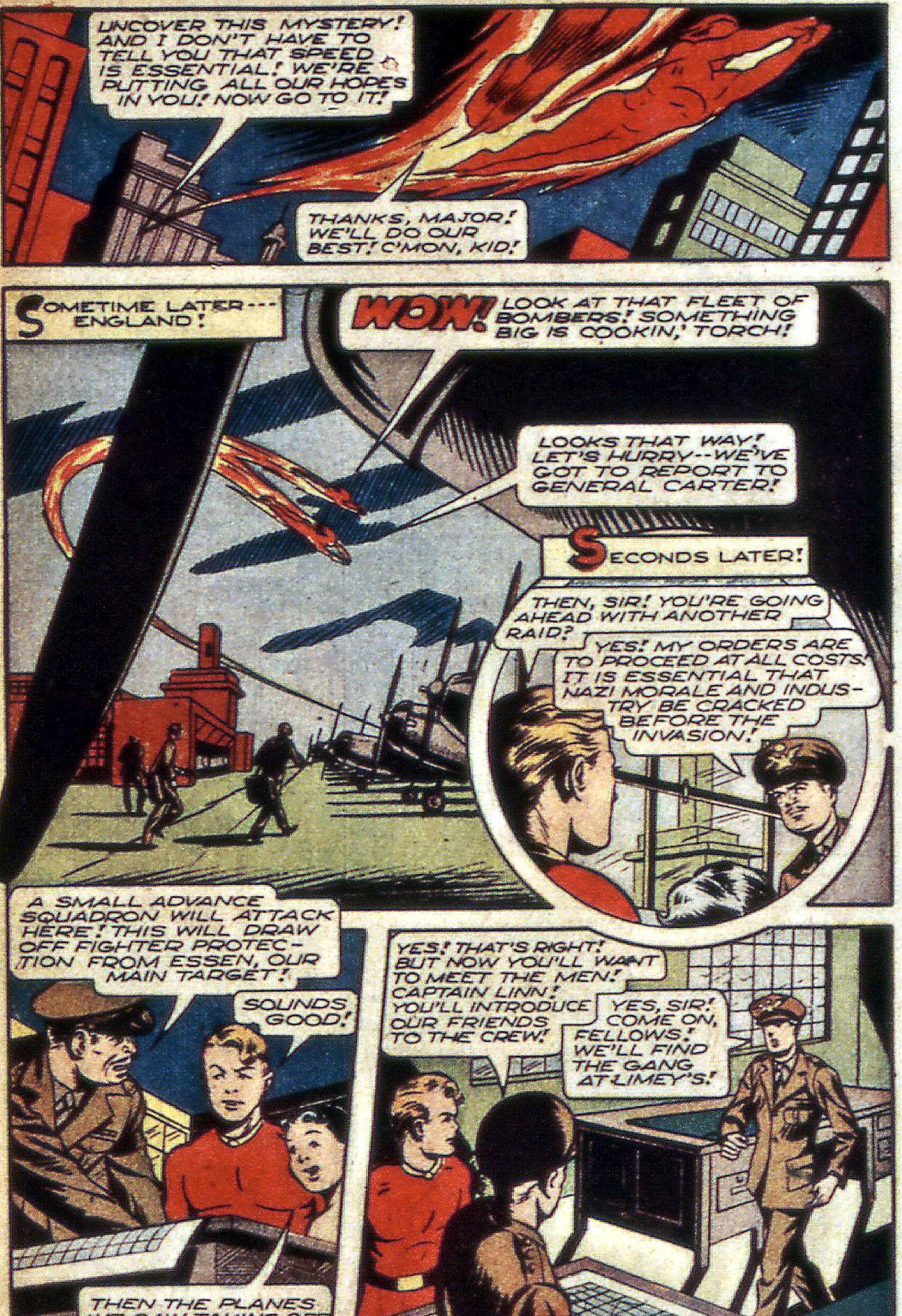

THE COURAGEOUS PAIR DIVE INTO THE HEART OF THE GIANT VOLCANO!
NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET!
IT WILL! WATCH!

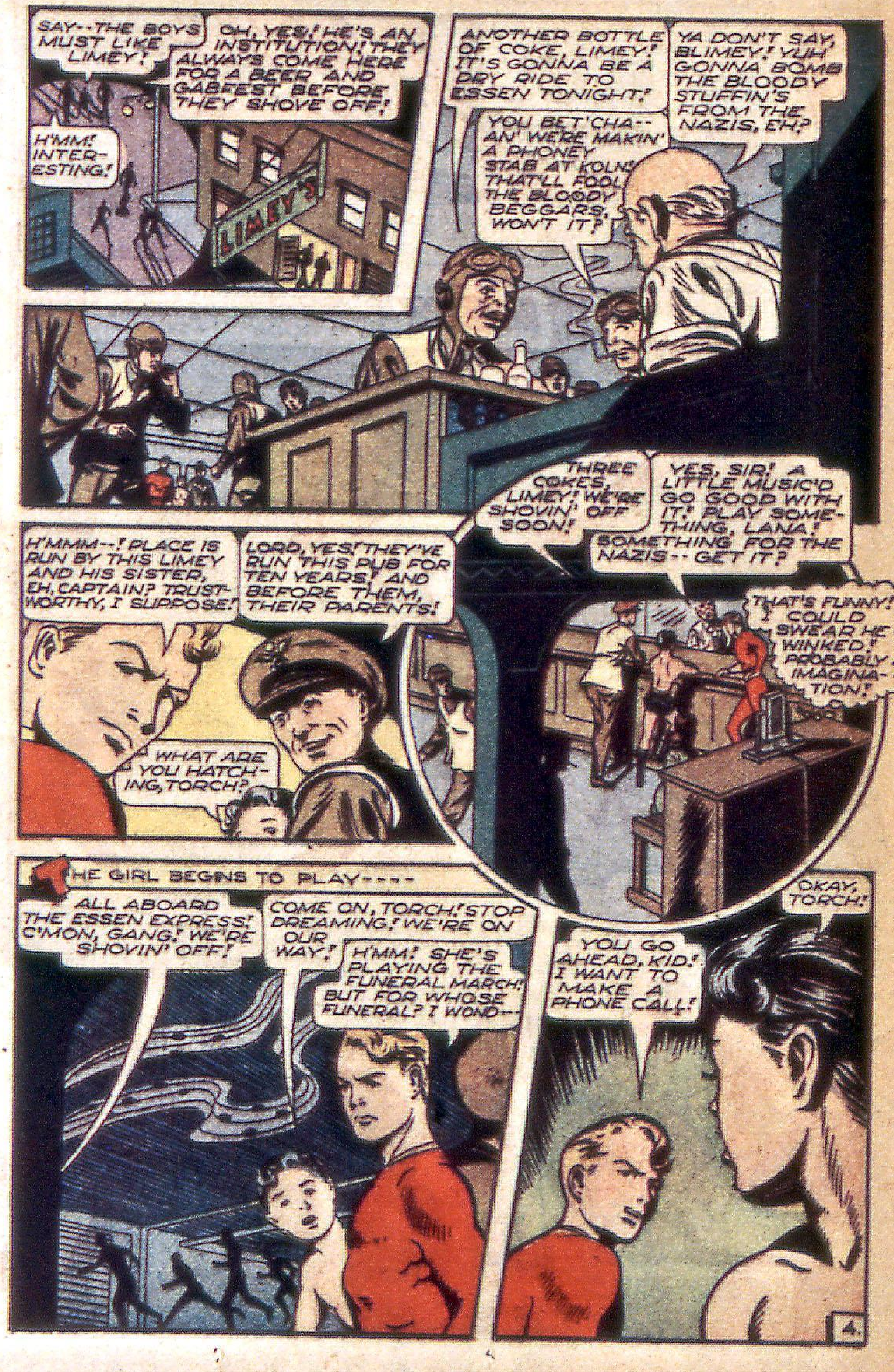

THE GAS IGNITES
HURRY, TORO! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF RANGE! SHE'S BLOWING UP!

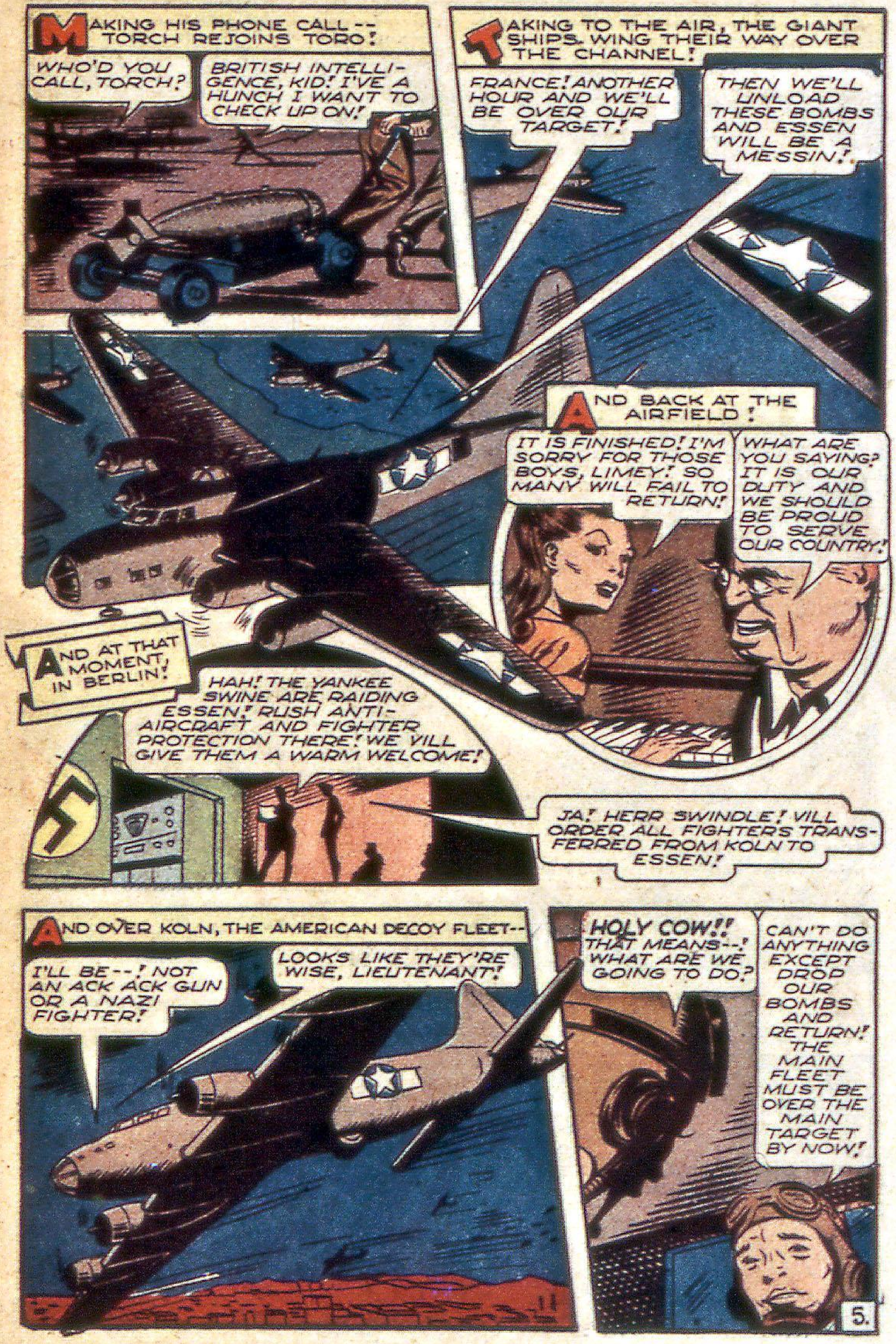

CRUMBLING INTO THE SEA, THE MOUNTAIN CAUSES A TIDAL WAVE WHICH SWAMPS THE JAP FLEET!
FINALLY A GLOWING MASS OF LAVA ADVANCES ON THE SHATTERED JAP NAVAL BASE!
WHAT A SIGHT!
IT'S MORE THAN THAT, KID! IT'S A SYMBOL OF A SINKING SUN!
LATER AT COL. HAFTON S OFFICE
YOU DID A GREAT JOB, BOYS! I GUESS YOU KNOW THAT NO FAVOR YOU CAN ASK OF YOUR COUNTRY IS TOO GREAT!
WE HAVE ONLY ONE, COLONEL! THAT IT STAY AS IT IS! A COUNTRY WHERE PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MAN IS STILL A PRACTICE! NOT JUST AN EMPTY PHRASE
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
12
THE END

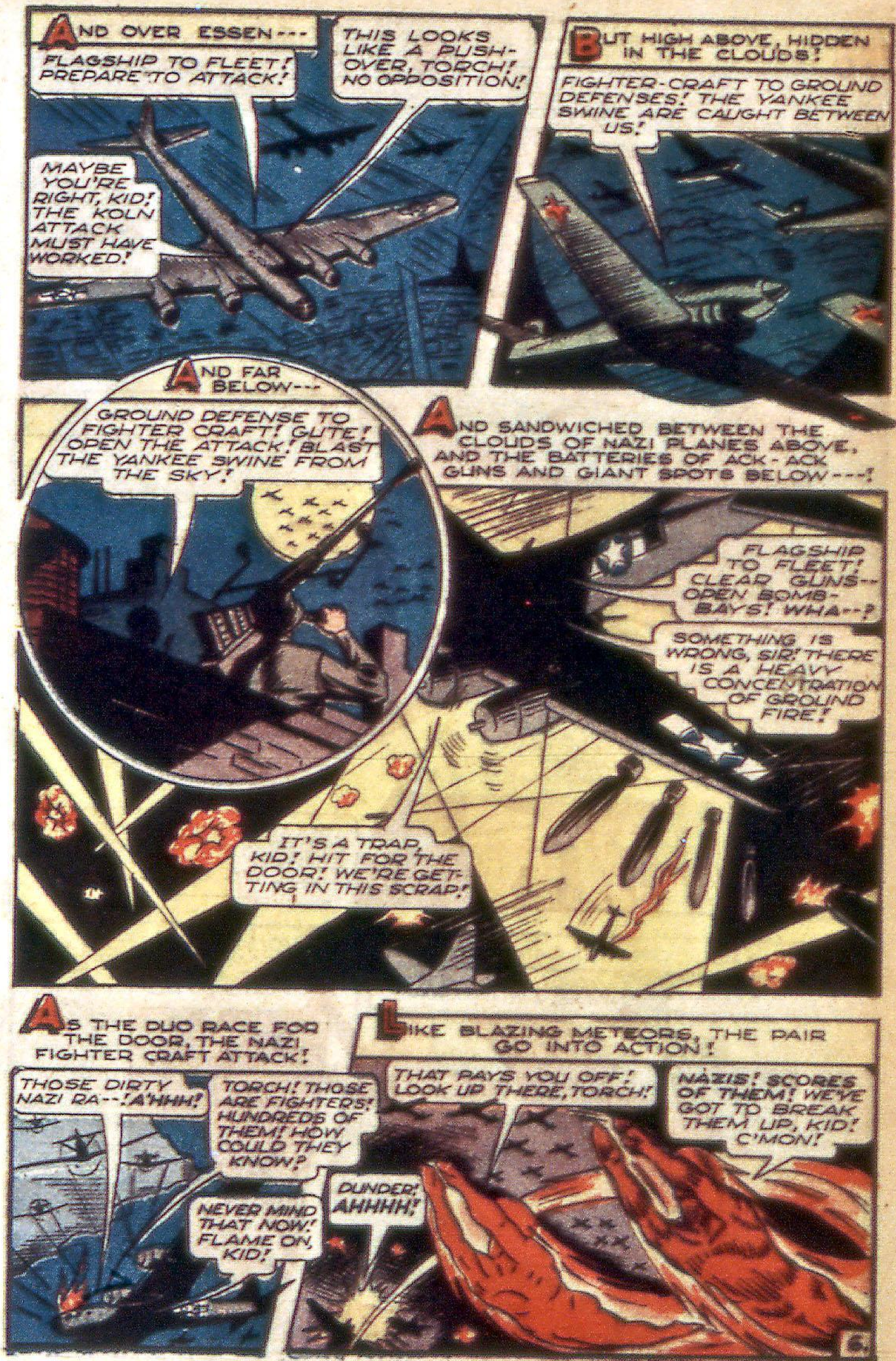

THE HUMAN TORCH
HAT HORROR LURKED OVER THE AMERICAN AIRFIELD IN ENGLAND? WHAT JINX RODE THE WINGS OF THE GALLANT CRAFT IN THE AERIAL WAR AGAINST THE NAZIS??
FOLLOW THE **HUMAN TORCH AND TORO** IN THEIR MOST BREATH-TAKING AND DANGEROUS GAME AGAINST---
SONS of EVIL!

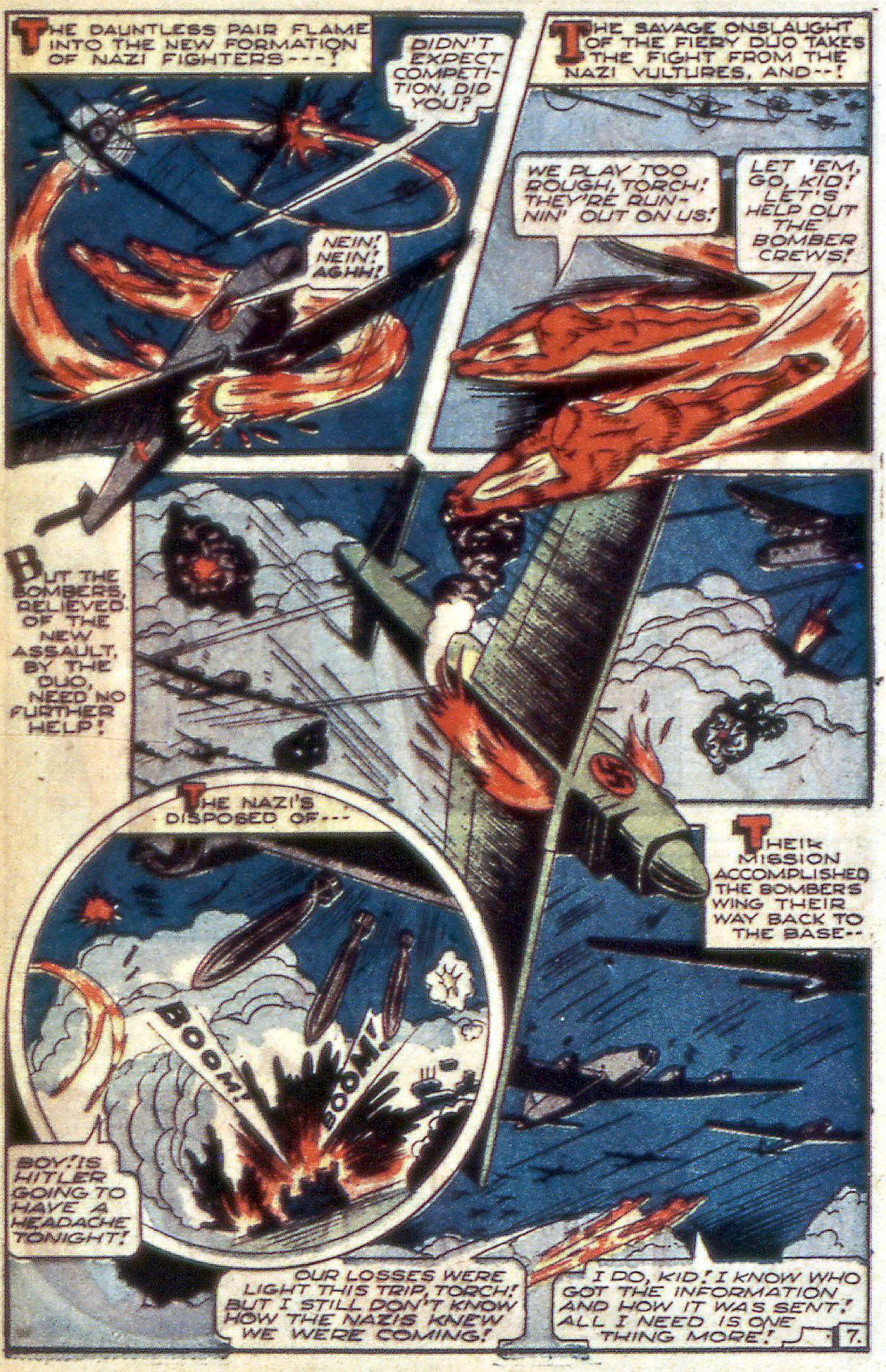

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM OF AN AMERICAN AIR-FIELD IN ENGLAND!
THIS IS AN IMPORTANT ARMAMENTS CENTER! YOU WILL STRIKE FROM NORTH AND SOUTH! WIPE IT COMPLETELY OFF THE MAP!! THAT'S ALL!
YES, SIR! WE'LL MAKE THOSE NAZIS YELL "QUITS!"
AS THE CREWS FILE FROM THE ROOM--!
C'MON, GANG! WE'VE GOT TIME FOR A COKE AT LIMEY'S BEFORE WE SHOVE OFF!
AND FOUR THOUSAND MILES ACROSS THE SEA, IN AMERICA! TORCH AND TORO LISTEN TO A LATE NEWS-CAST!
THE ARMY REPORTS THAT OF THE SEVEN HUNDRED PLANES PARTICIPATING IN THE RHEINHOLT RAID, OVER SIX HUNDRED WERE SHOT DOWN!
RING! RING!
GOSH! THAT'S AWFUL, TORCH!
TELEPHONE! I'LL GET IT!
MAJOR LUND! YES---WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
WHAT'S COOKIN' TORCH?
FLAMING ON, THE DUO--
PLENTY! ABOUT THE LOSS OF OUR PLANES OVER GERMANY!
THAT MEANS ENGLAND FOR US, TORCH!
MOMENTS LATER, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF MAJOR LUND--!
SO YOU SEE, TORCH! SOMEONE AT THAT FIELD IS SENDING FLIGHT SCHEDULES TO THE NAZIS A MOMENT OR SO BEFORE THE PLANES TAKE OFF!
BUT HOW?
RADIO, OF COURSE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY THE ENEMY COULD RECEIVE THE SCHEDULES IN TIME TO ACT ON THEM!
WE'VE THOUGHT OF THAT TOO! BUT ALL BROADCASTS ARE CHECKED BY THE BRITISH! NOTHING SUSPICIOUS HAS GONE OUT!
THAT'S STRANGE! THEN THEY MUST HAVE A NEW METHOD! BUT WHAT IS IT YOU WANT DONE, MAJOR?

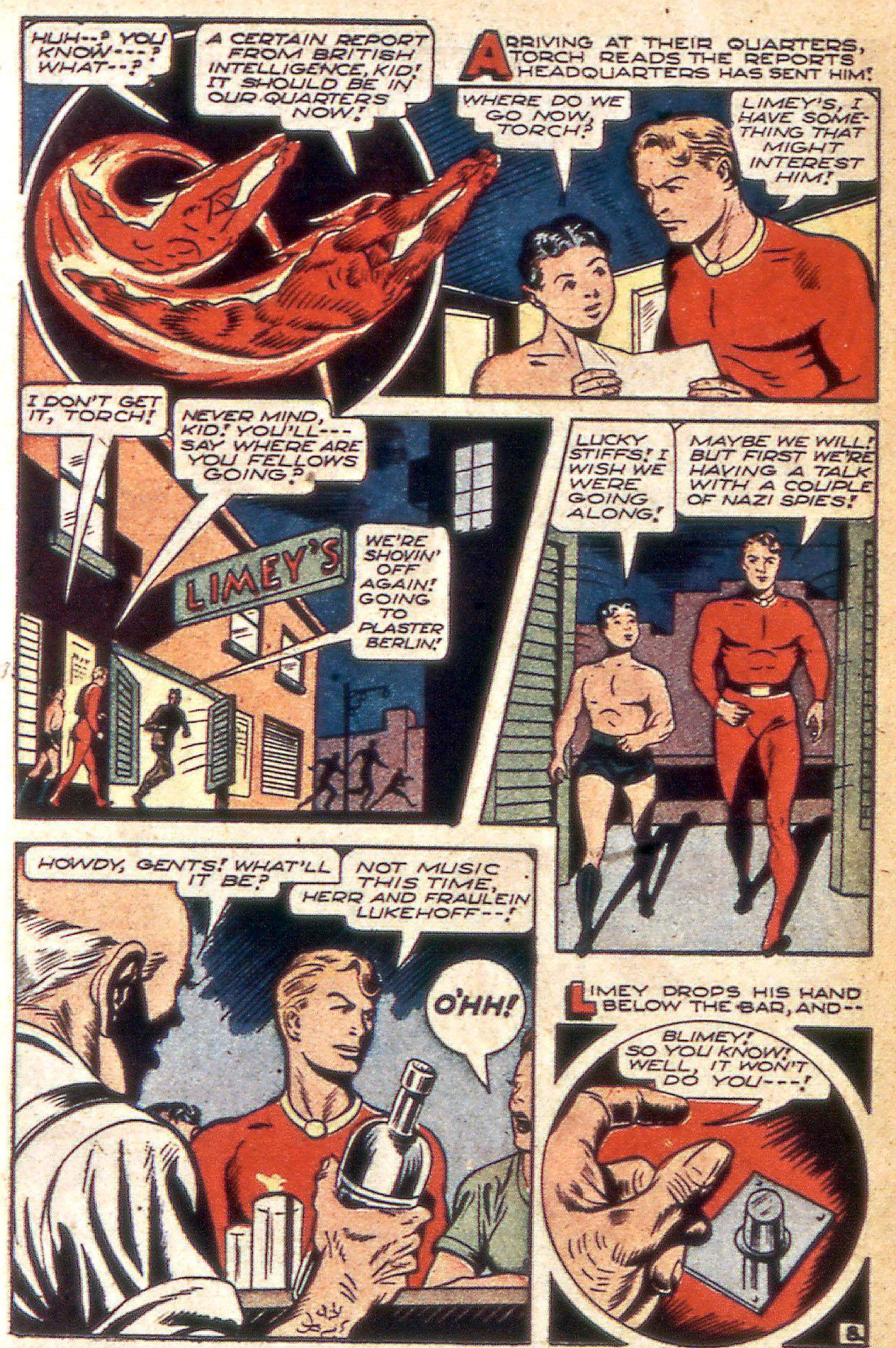

UNCOVER THIS MYSTERY! AND I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT SPEED IS ESSENTIAL! WE'RE PUTTING ALL OUR HOPES IN YOU! NOW GO TO IT!
THANKS, MAJOR! WE'LL DO OUR BEST! C'MON, KID!
SOMETIME LATER--- ENGLAND!
WOW! LOOK AT THAT FLEET OF BOMBERS! SOMETHING BIG IS COOKIN', TORCH!
LOOKS THAT WAY! LET'S HURRY--WE'VE GOT TO REPORT TO GENERAL CARTER!
SECONDS LATER!
THEN, SIR! YOU'RE GOING AHEAD WITH ANOTHER RAID?
YES! MY ORDERS ARE TO PROCEED AT ALL COSTS! IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT NAZI MORALE AND INDUSTRY BE CRACKED BEFORE THE INVASION!
A SMALL ADVANCE SQUADRON WILL ATTACK HERE! THIS WILL DRAW OFF FIGHTER PROTECTION FROM ESSEN, OUR MAIN TARGET!
SOUNDS GOOD!
THEN THE PLANES WE SAW TAKING OFF MUST HAVE BEEN THE DECOY FLEET!
YES! THAT'S RIGHT! BUT NOW YOU'LL WANT TO MEET THE MEN! CAPTAIN LINN! YOU'LL INTRODUCE OUR FRIENDS TO THE CREW!
YES, SIR! COME ON, FELLOWS! WE'LL FIND THE GANG AT LIMEY'S!

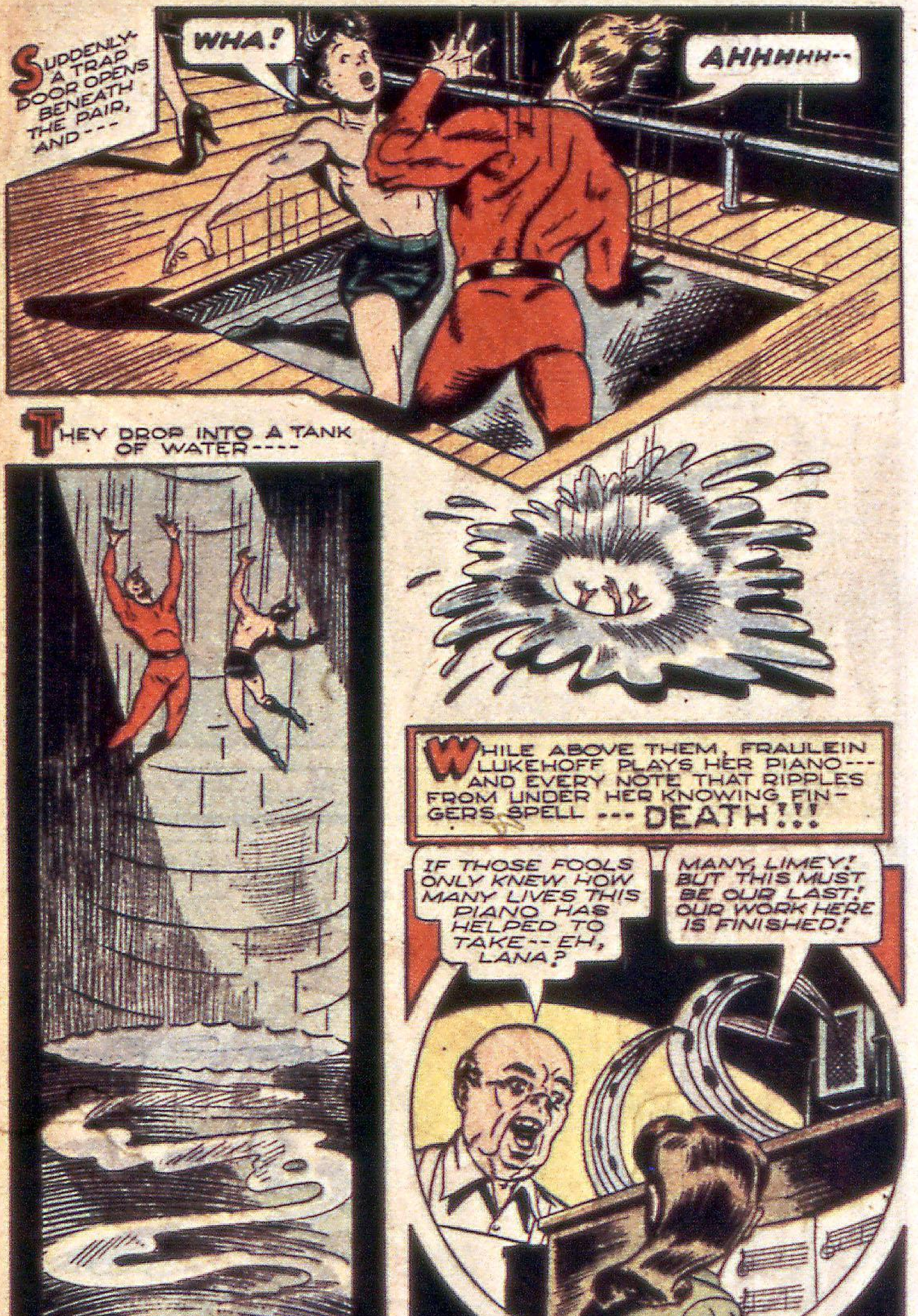

SAY--THE BOYS MUST LIKE LIMEY!
OH, YES! HE'S AN INSTITUTION! THEY ALWAYS COME HERE FOR A BEER AND GABFEST BEFORE THEY SHOVE OFF!
H'MM! INTERESTING!
LIMEY'S
ANOTHER BOTTLE OF COKE, LIMEY! IT'S GONNA BE A DRY RIDE TO ESSEN TONIGHT!
YA DON'T SAY, BLIMEY! YUH GONNA BOMB THE BLOODY STUFFIN'S FROM THE NAZIS, EH?
YOU BET'CHA--AN' WE'RE MAKIN' A PHONEY STAB AT KOLN! THAT'LL FOOL THE BLOODY BEGGARS, WON'T IT?
H'MMM--! PLACE IS RUN BY THIS LIMEY AND HIS SISTER, EH, CAPTAIN? TRUSTWORTHY, I SUPPOSE!
LORD, YES! THEY'VE RUN THIS PUB FOR TEN YEARS! AND BEFORE THEM, THEIR PARENTS!
WHAT ARE YOU HATCHING, TORCH?
THREE COKES, LIMEY! WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF SOON!
YES, SIR! A LITTLE MUSIC'D GO GOOD WITH IT! PLAY SOMETHING, LANA! SOMETHING FOR THE NAZIS--GET IT?
THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD SWEAR HE WINKED! PROBABLY IMAGINATION!
THE GIRL BEGINS TO PLAY---
ALL ABOARD THE ESSEN EXPRESS! C'MON, GANG! WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF!
COME ON, TORCH! STOP DREAMING! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
H'MM! SHE'S PLAYING THE FUNERAL MARCH! BUT FOR WHOSE FUNERAL? I WOND--
OKAY, TORCH!
YOU GO AHEAD, KID! I WANT TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!

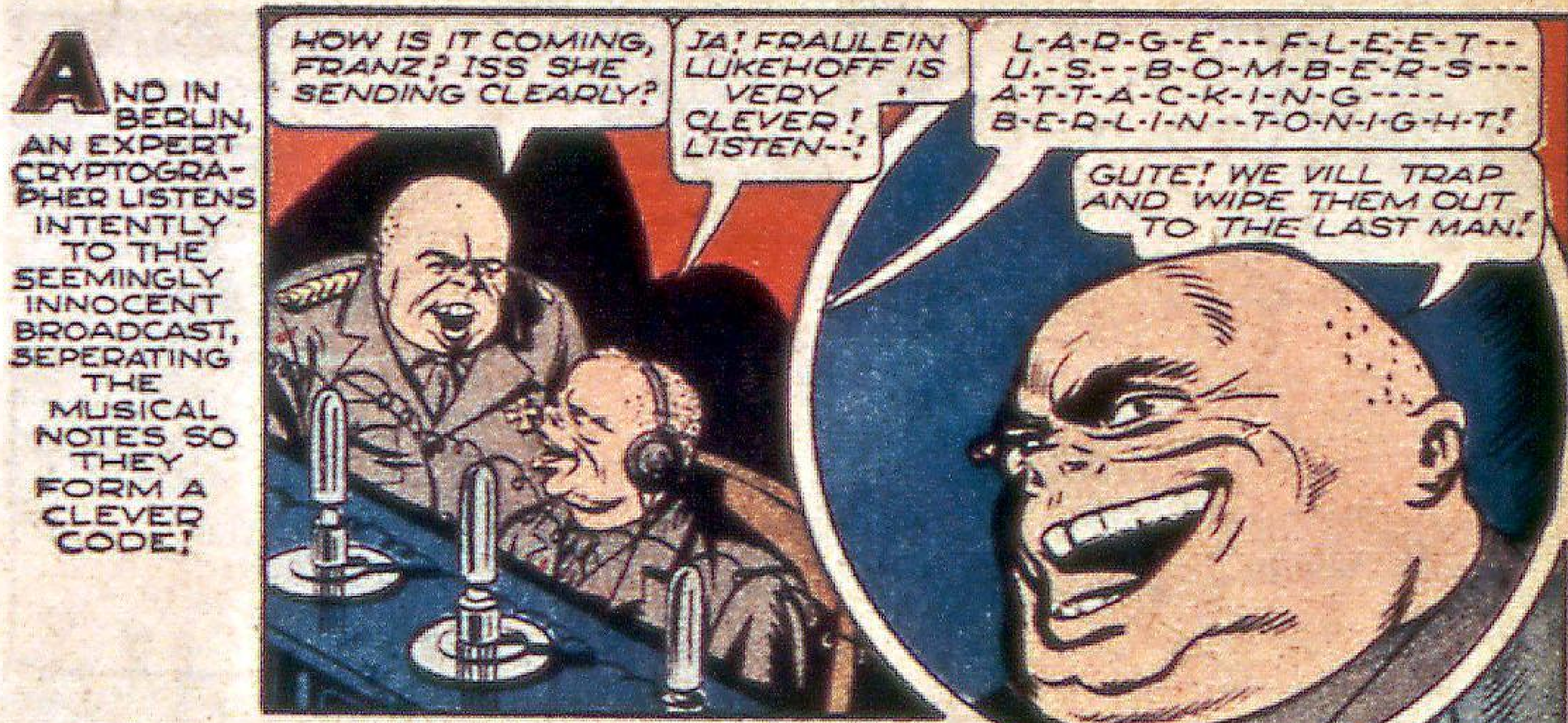

MAKING HIS PHONE CALL -- TORCH REJOINS TORO!
WHO'D YOU CALL, TORCH?
BRITISH INTELLIGENCE, KID! I'VE A HUNCH I WANT TO CHECK UP ON!
TAKING TO THE AIR, THE GIANT SHIPS WING THEIR WAY OVER THE CHANNEL!
FRANCE! ANOTHER HOUR AND WE'LL BE OVER OUR TARGET!
THEN WE'LL UNLOAD THESE BOMBS AND ESSEN WILL BE A MESSIN!
AND BACK AT THE AIRFIELD!
IT IS FINISHED! I'M SORRY FOR THOSE BOYS, LIMEY! SO MANY WILL FAIL TO RETURN!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? IT IS OUR DUTY AND WE SHOULD BE PROUD TO SERVE OUR COUNTRY!
AND AT THAT MOMENT, IN BERLIN!
HAH! THE YANKEE SWINE ARE RAIDING ESSEN! RUSH ANTI-AIRCRAFT AND FIGHTER PROTECTION THERE! WE VILL GIVE THEM A WARM WELCOME!
JA! HERR SWINDLE! VILL ORDER ALL FIGHTERS TRANSFERRED FROM KOLN TO ESSEN!
AND OVER KOLN, THE AMERICAN DECOY FLEET--
I'LL BE--! NOT AN ACK ACK GUN OR A NAZI FIGHTER!
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE WISE, LIEUTENANT!
HOLY COW!! THAT MEANS--! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
CAN'T DO ANYTHING EXCEPT DROP OUR BOMBS AND RETURN! THE MAIN FLEET MUST BE OVER THE MAIN TARGET BY NOW!

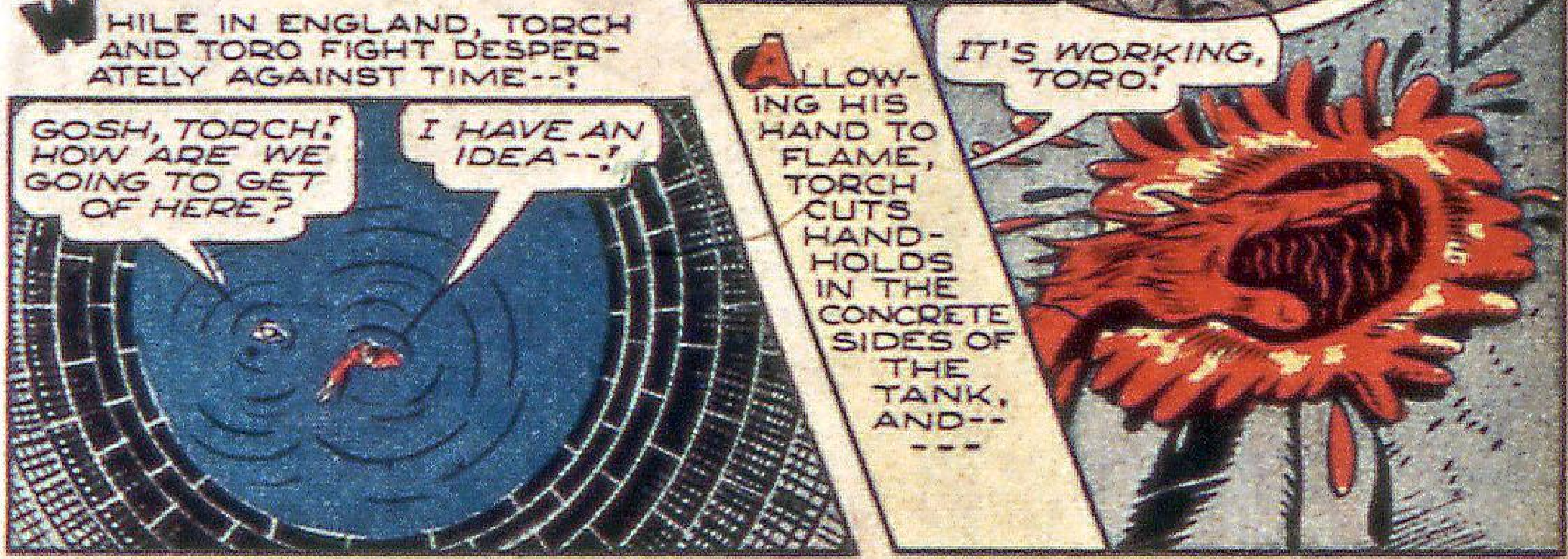

AND OVER ESSEN---
FLAGSHIP TO FLEET! PREPARE TO ATTACK!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A PUSH-OVER, TORCH! NO OPPOSITION!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, KID! THE KOLN ATTACK MUST HAVE WORKED!
BUT HIGH ABOVE, HIDDEN IN THE CLOUDS!
FIGHTER-CRAFT TO GROUND DEFENSES! THE YANKEE SWINE ARE CAUGHT BETWEEN US!
AND FAR BELOW---
GROUND DEFENSE TO FIGHTER CRAFT! GUTE! OPEN THE ATTACK! BLAST THE YANKEE SWINE FROM THE SKY!
AND SANDWICHED BETWEEN THE CLOUDS OF NAZI PLANES ABOVE, AND THE BATTERIES OF ACK-ACK GUNS AND GIANT SPOTS BELOW---!
FLAGSHIP TO FLEET! CLEAR GUNS--- OPEN BOMB-BAYS! WHA--?
SOMETHING IS WRONG, SIR! THERE IS A HEAVY CONCENTRATION OF GROUND FIRE!
IT'S A TRAP, KID! HIT FOR THE DOOR! WE'RE GETTING IN THIS SCRAP!
AS THE DUO RACE FOR THE DOOR, THE NAZI FIGHTER CRAFT ATTACK!
THOSE DIRTY NAZI RA--! A'HHH!
TORCH! THOSE ARE FIGHTERS! HUNDREDS OF THEM! HOW COULD THEY KNOW?
NEVER MIND THAT NOW! FLAME ON, KID!
LIKE BLAZING METEORS, THE PAIR GO INTO ACTION!
THAT PAYS YOU OFF! LOOK UP THERE, TORCH!
DUNDER! AHHHH!
NAZIS! SCORES OF THEM! WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THEM UP, KID! C'MON!

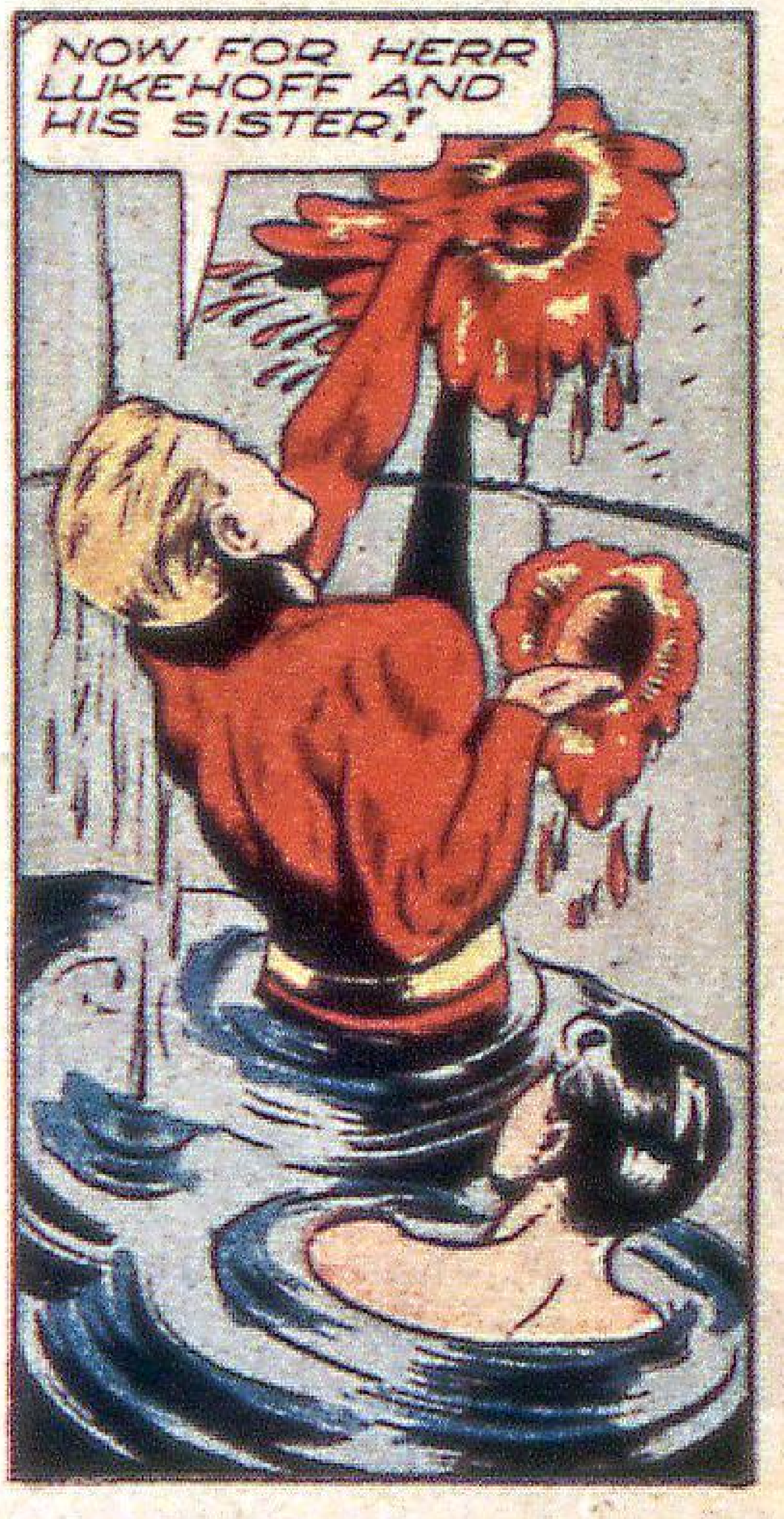

THE DAUNTLESS PAIR FLAME INTO THE NEW FORMATION OF NAZI FIGHTERS---!
DIDN'T EXPECT COMPETITION, DID YOU?
NEIN! NEIN! AGHH!
THE SAVAGE ONSLAUGHT OF THE FIERY DUO TAKES THE FIGHT FROM THE NAZI VULTURES, AND--!
WE PLAY TOO ROUGH, TORCH! THEY'RE RUNNIN' OUT ON US!
LET 'EM GO, KID! LET'S HELP OUT THE BOMBER CREWS!
BUT THE BOMBERS, RELIEVED OF THE NEW ASSAULT, BY THE DUO, NEED NO FURTHER HELP!
THE NAZI'S DISPOSED OF---
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOY! IS HITLER GOING TO HAVE A HEADACHE TONIGHT!
THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED THE BOMBERS WING THEIR WAY BACK TO THE BASE--
OUR LOSSES WERE LIGHT THIS TRIP, TORCH! BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW THE NAZIS KNEW WE WERE COMING!
I DO, KID! I KNOW WHO GOT THE INFORMATION AND HOW IT WAS SENT! ALL I NEED IS ONE THING MORE!

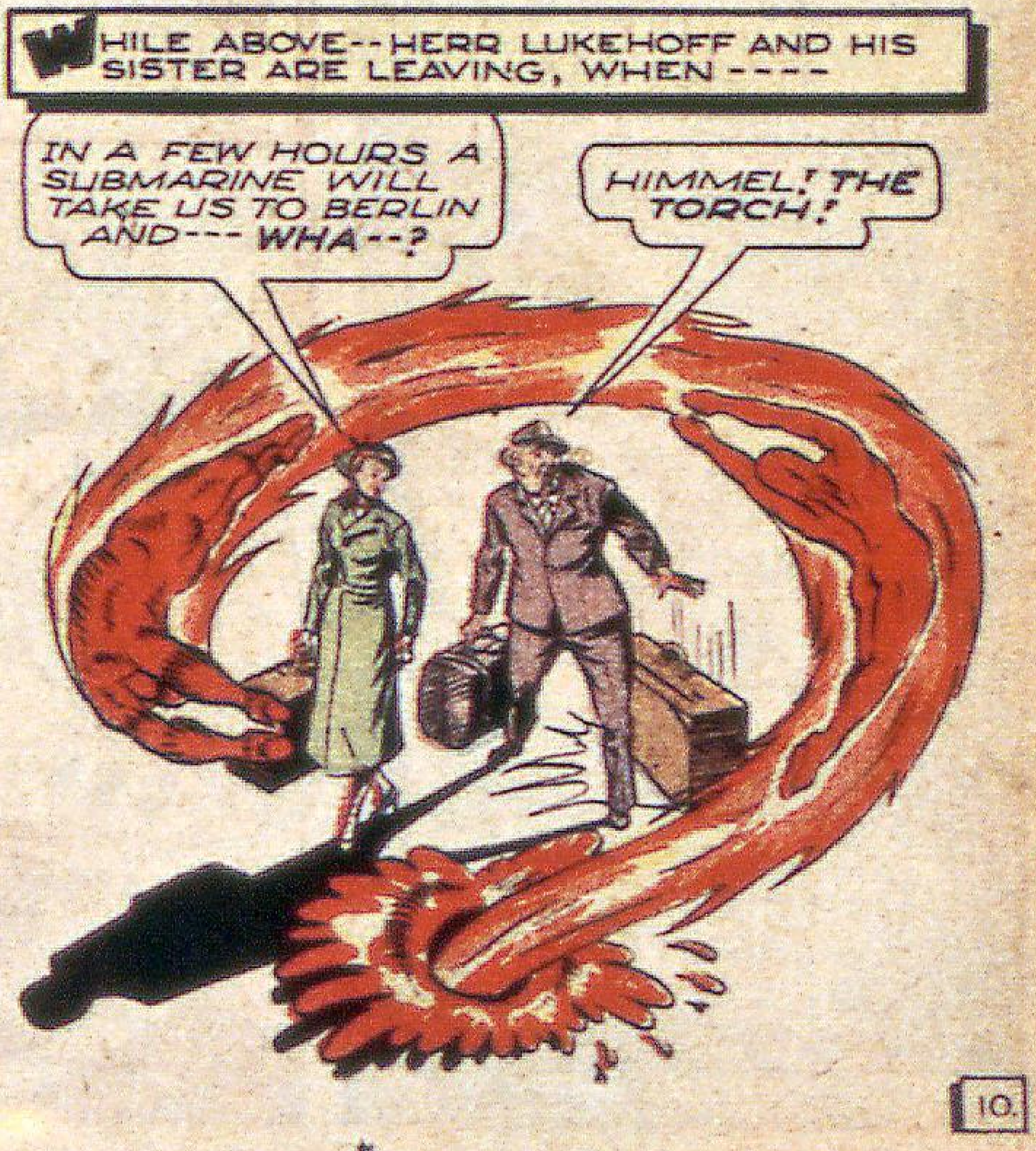

HUH--? YOU KNOW---? WHAT--?
A CERTAIN REPORT FROM BRITISH INTELLIGENCE, KID! IT SHOULD BE IN OUR QUARTERS NOW!
ARRIVING AT THEIR QUARTERS, TORCH READS THE REPORTS HEADQUARTERS HAS SENT HIM!
WHERE DO WE GO NOW, TORCH?
LIMEY'S, I HAVE SOMETHING THAT MIGHT INTEREST HIM!
I DON'T GET IT, TORCH!
NEVER MIND, KID! YOU'LL--- SAY WHERE ARE YOU FELLOWS GOING?
LIMEY'S
WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF AGAIN! GOING TO PLASTER BERLIN!
LUCKY STIFFS! I WISH WE WERE GOING ALONG!
MAYBE WE WILL! BUT FIRST WE'RE HAVING A TALK WITH A COUPLE OF NAZI SPIES!
HOWDY, GENTS! WHAT'LL IT BE?
NOT MUSIC THIS TIME, HERR AND FRAULEIN LUKEHOFF--!
O'HH!
LIMEY DROPS HIS HAND BELOW THE BAR, AND--
BLIMEY! SO YOU KNOW! WELL, IT WON'T DO YOU---!

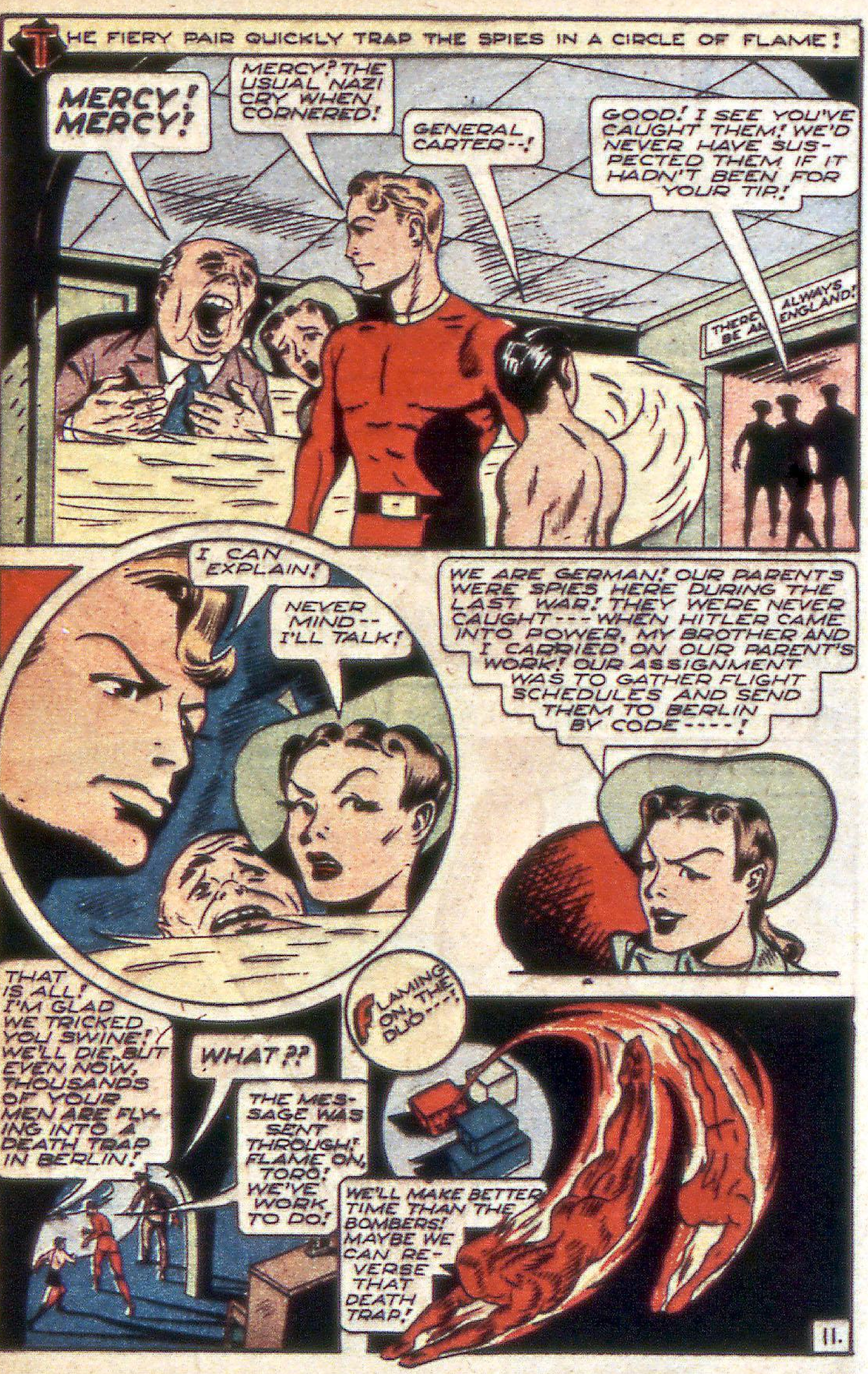

SUDDENLY- A TRAP DOOR OPENS BENEATH THE PAIR, AND---
WHA!
AHHHHH--
THEY DROP INTO A TANK OF WATER----
WHILE ABOVE THEM, FRAULEIN LUKEHOFF PLAYS HER PIANO--- AND EVERY NOTE THAT RIPPLES FROM UNDER HER KNOWING FINGERS SPELL --- DEATH!!!
IF THOSE FOOLS ONLY KNEW HOW MANY LIVES THIS PIANO HAS HELPED TO TAKE-- EH, LANA?
MANY, LIMEY! BUT THIS MUST BE OUR LAST! OUR WORK HERE IS FINISHED!

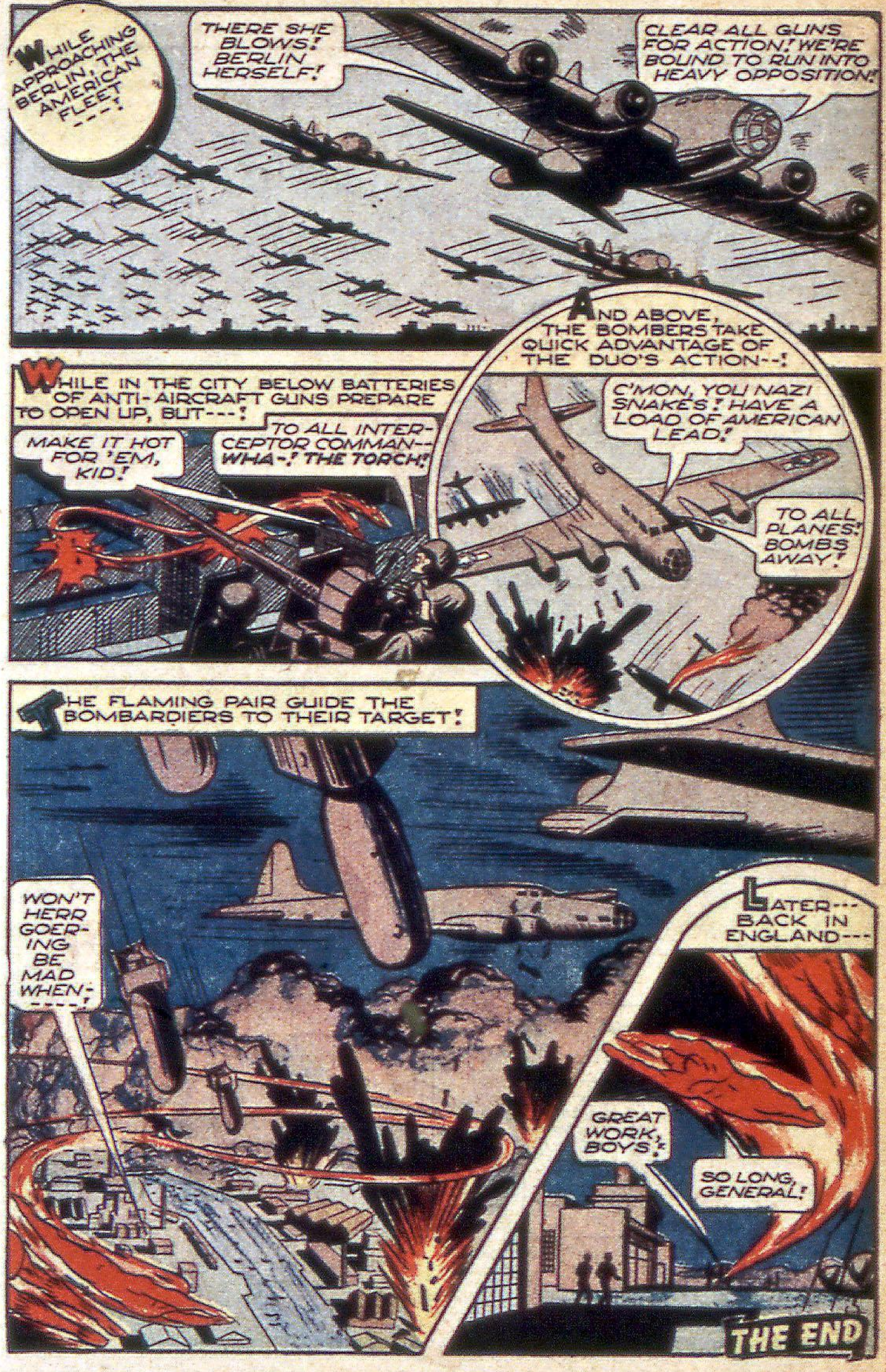

AND IN BERLIN, AN EXPERT CRYPTOGRAPHER LISTENS INTENTLY TO THE SEEMINGLY INNOCENT BROADCAST, SEPERATING THE MUSICAL NOTES SO THEY FORM A CLEVER CODE!
HOW IS IT COMING, FRANZ? ISS SHE SENDING CLEARLY?
JA! FRAULEIN LUKEHOFF IS VERY CLEVER! LISTEN--!
L-A-R-G-E--- F-L-E-E-T-- U.-S.--B-O-M-B-E-R-S--- A-T-T-A-C-K-I-N-G---- B-E-R-L-I-N--T-O-N-I-G-H-T!
GUTE! WE VILL TRAP AND WIPE THEM OUT TO THE LAST MAN!


WHILE IN ENGLAND, TORCH AND TORO FIGHT DESPERATELY AGAINST TIME--!
GOSH, TORCH! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OF HERE?
I HAVE AN IDEA--!
ALLOWING HIS HAND TO FLAME, TORCH CUTS HAND-HOLDS IN THE CONCRETE SIDES OF THE TANK, AND-- ---
IT'S WORKING, TORO!


NOW FOR HERR LUKEHOFF AND HIS SISTER!


WHILE ABOVE--HERR LUKEHOFF AND HIS SISTER ARE LEAVING, WHEN ----
IN A FEW HOURS A SUBMARINE WILL TAKE US TO BERLIN AND--- WHA--?
HIMMEL! THE TORCH!


THE FIERY PAIR QUICKLY TRAP THE SPIES IN A CIRCLE OF FLAME!
MERCY! MERCY!
MERCY? THE USUAL NAZI CRY WHEN CORNERED!
GENERAL CARTER--!
GOOD! I SEE YOU'VE CAUGHT THEM! WE'D NEVER HAVE SUSPECTED THEM IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR TIP!
THERE ALWAYS BE A ENGLAND!
I CAN EXPLAIN!
NEVER MIND-- I'LL TALK!
WE ARE GERMAN! OUR PARENTS WERE SPIES HERE DURING THE LAST WAR! THEY WERE NEVER CAUGHT---WHEN HITLER CAME INTO POWER, MY BROTHER AND I CARRIED ON OUR PARENT'S WORK! OUR ASSIGNMENT WAS TO GATHER FLIGHT SCHEDULES AND SEND THEM TO BERLIN BY CODE----!
THAT IS ALL! I'M GLAD WE TRICKED YOU SWINE! WE'LL DIE, BUT EVEN NOW, THOUSANDS OF YOUR MEN ARE FLYING INTO A DEATH TRAP IN BERLIN!
WHAT??
THE MESSAGE WAS SENT THROUGH! FLAME ON, TORO! WE'VE WORK TO DO!
FLAMING ON, THE DUO---!
WE'LL MAKE BETTER TIME THAN THE BOMBERS! MAYBE WE CAN REVERSE THAT DEATH TRAP!


WHILE APPROACHING BERLIN, THE AMERICAN FLEET---!
THERE SHE BLOWS! BERLIN HERSELF!
CLEAR ALL GUNS FOR ACTION! WE'RE BOUND TO RUN INTO HEAVY OPPOSITION!
WHILE IN THE CITY BELOW BATTERIES OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS PREPARE TO OPEN UP, BUT---!
MAKE IT HOT FOR 'EM, KID!
TO ALL INTERCEPTOR COMMAN-- WHA-! THE TORCH!
AND ABOVE, THE BOMBERS TAKE QUICK ADVANTAGE OF THE DUO'S ACTION--!
C'MON, YOU NAZI SNAKES! HAVE A LOAD OF AMERICAN LEAD!
TO ALL PLANES! BOMBS AWAY!
THE FLAMING PAIR GUIDE THE BOMBARDIERS TO THEIR TARGET!
WON'T HERR GOERING BE MAD WHEN----!
LATER--- BACK IN ENGLAND---
GREAT WORK, BOYS!
SO LONG, GENERAL!
THE END

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Banty Rides again

CHECKING off the last items on his list for Ed Scoggins' camp, Banty folded the paper and tucked it inside his pocket. Mike Winters chuckled from behind the safety of the big counter.

"Boys have been talking about you again, Banty," Mike disclosed with a quick grin in the general direction of the listeners. "Guess they figure it's a cinch running the Seaspook."

Banty nodded. "Maybe they'd like to try it. I need help."

Charlie and Marty Henderson came out of a corner, and Banty turned his small body. Charlie said, "Marty and I figured if that job's so tough—"

"Okay, okay," Banty growled. "Get your duds and come along. Ed would lose days if he had to get supplies over the mountains. Come along and see what kind of sailors you'd really make."

* * * *

BANTY had the sails set and the sloop was making nice headway against a choppy sea. Charlie Henderson winked at Marty. "Weather looks good," he called to Banty. "What does the barometer say?"

"I dunno," Banty admitted, glancing back. "It's been busted a long time now, and I couldn't get another. Weather's okay at present. But it's coming up tough."

The sloop had a brisk breeze back of her most of the way, and, while there was a deep swell, the boat ploughed along steadily, sails bellied full, spray dancing from her bow.

The moon replaced the sun and the wind held up. The gently heaving breast of the ocean was ruffled, while away to the east lay the darkened outline of the coast, whitely ribboned by breakers.

By sun-up, the Seaspook was running close to shore. Charlie had the wheel. "This is duck soup. Why, all this time I figured running this boat was a real job. Hey, Banty, you been pulling the wool over our eyes?"

Banty snorted. "We aren't back yet, son."

By afternoon the weather was muddy, the ocean beginning to kick up a fuss. Banty took the wheel as the sloop nosed in toward the shore, where Ed's little landing pier jutted out into the water. The wind was rising and Charlie and Marty hustled to empty the sheets, as Banty guided the boat in alongside of the pier.

"Ed's usually down to meet us," Banty announced. "From here in it's only a short haul for him. He struck it rich back there in the mountains."

"That's gold in them thar hills, huh?" Marty cracked.

Banty glowered. "We'll walk up before unloading, wise guys."

The shack was shadowed by spruce and hemlock. Banty pulled the latch-string, stepped inside—

There he stopped short, breath catching in his throat. Swiftly his eyes swept the interior of the shack, noting Ed bound on the floor, the two men flattened against the walls. The guns in their hands were very businesslike, very steady. No chance of a possible miss.

"Okay," Banty growled. "You got the drop, stranger. Just don't get an itchy finger."

"Come on in," the taller of the two men snarled. Black eyes swept the three newcomers. "Okay," he said softly. "We've been waiting for you. You've got supplies—"

"For Ed," Banty answered. "We're going to unload—"

"Not now," the man snapped. "Just leave 'em where they are. Because we're going with you and we'll need that grub. You're taking us up coast to White Stone. From there on we can take care of ourselves. If you've got any objections, get 'em off your chest."

* * * *

BANTY knew they were licked. No sense kicking now, not with a couple of rifles pointed at your midriff. "Unless my friends here have anything to say—"

"Can't think of a thing," Marty Henderson cracked. "Words fail me."

"Okay," the big guy growled. "March down to the moat. This guy . . . he'll be okay. Don't worry about him!"

The wind had come up now and the ocean was checkered with white-caps. Charlie and Marty got the sails set, their faces stern and unsmiling for once.

Later the wind rose high and the sloop stuck her nose into growing waves. Spray hurtled her length, hissing against the canvas, burning Banty's face. He wasn't worried . . . not yet. But he knew they had a long haul before them, and this storm would get worse soon. If he could only fool their captors about directions—

* * * *

THE BIG man inched his way forward, spray glistening on his hard face. "No tricks," he shouted above the howl of the wind. "One slip and you're done. You're sure you're headed for White Stone?"

"That's where you wanted to go," Banty retorted. "If we don't make it, that's not my fault. This is no ocean-going liner."

Night came down, thick and black and howling. Marty and Charlie clung to the rigging near Banty, who could feel the pound of waves against the hull of the boat. Charlie's face was still grim, tight.

Later the big man inched his way back again. "You're sure you're headed right?"

"You want to take over?" Banty invited.

The big fellow stared away into the blasting night. Fear ringed his mouth, was reflected from the black of his eyes. The wind hovered, came down with a screaming smash that sent the sloop over on her side, water washing up half way to her center. The big man yelled, grabbed at the rigging to save himself. The sloop rolled back and he crawled forward, disappeared into the galley.

Grimly Banty fought the storm, and later Charlie crawled below deck. He came back shortly. "Both those guys are sick as dogs. A couple hours more—"

Banty grimly clung to the wheel as a mountainous wave came smashing down. Charlie's face went white and he cried out as water poured over them. Doggedly the boat battled its way to the surface, groggy and lifeless. The wind screamed at it again, bellying the sails till it seemed they could hold no more.

It was midnight . . . filled with the roar of the waves, the howl of the wind, the emptiness inside Banty that seemed never to leave him. He loved the wind and the water, the wide reaches of the ocean under the skimming hull of the sloop. But this was different. This was the part he knew but secretly dreaded.

* * * *

MORNING light came in late, a sickly strip of grey against the horizon. Banty's body felt numb with fatigue. His mind was almost a blank. But there was grim satisfaction inside him as, at last, he headed toward the coast line.

The sloop rolled sluggishly. The canvas was sodden, and Banty knew it had been damaged by rain and wind. It was a wonder it had held.

The pier showed before them, an unshaking finger pointed out to sea. Then the sloop was beside it, was tied up.

Mike Winters was there, looking worried, proud. Banty jerked his thumb toward the door leading beneath deck.

"In there," Banty yelled hoarsely. "Couple of guys . . . must have cleaned out Ed's ore he's been digging. They wanted to go to White Stone—"

Charlie and Marty Henderson appeared from the doorway, looking white but managing a grin. "It's okay," Charlie yelled. "They're tied tight. Didn't know what was happening even. Too sick—"

* * * *

IT WAS quiet in Mike Winters' store. Banty finished his mug of coffee, started to slide into his oilskins. Charlie looked at him from blood-shot eyes. "You take the cake," the young fellow growled.

"No barometer, no nothing. Just plain damned luck. You took us plenty far out just to make those two guys so damned sick they couldn't lift a finger when they knew you'd tricked them." Charlie hesitated, then asked, "What—what kind of sailoring did we do, Banty?"

Banty chuckled. "Okay. Better than I expected. In fact, I was kind of worried you and Marty wouldn't hold out, and would leave it all up to me!"

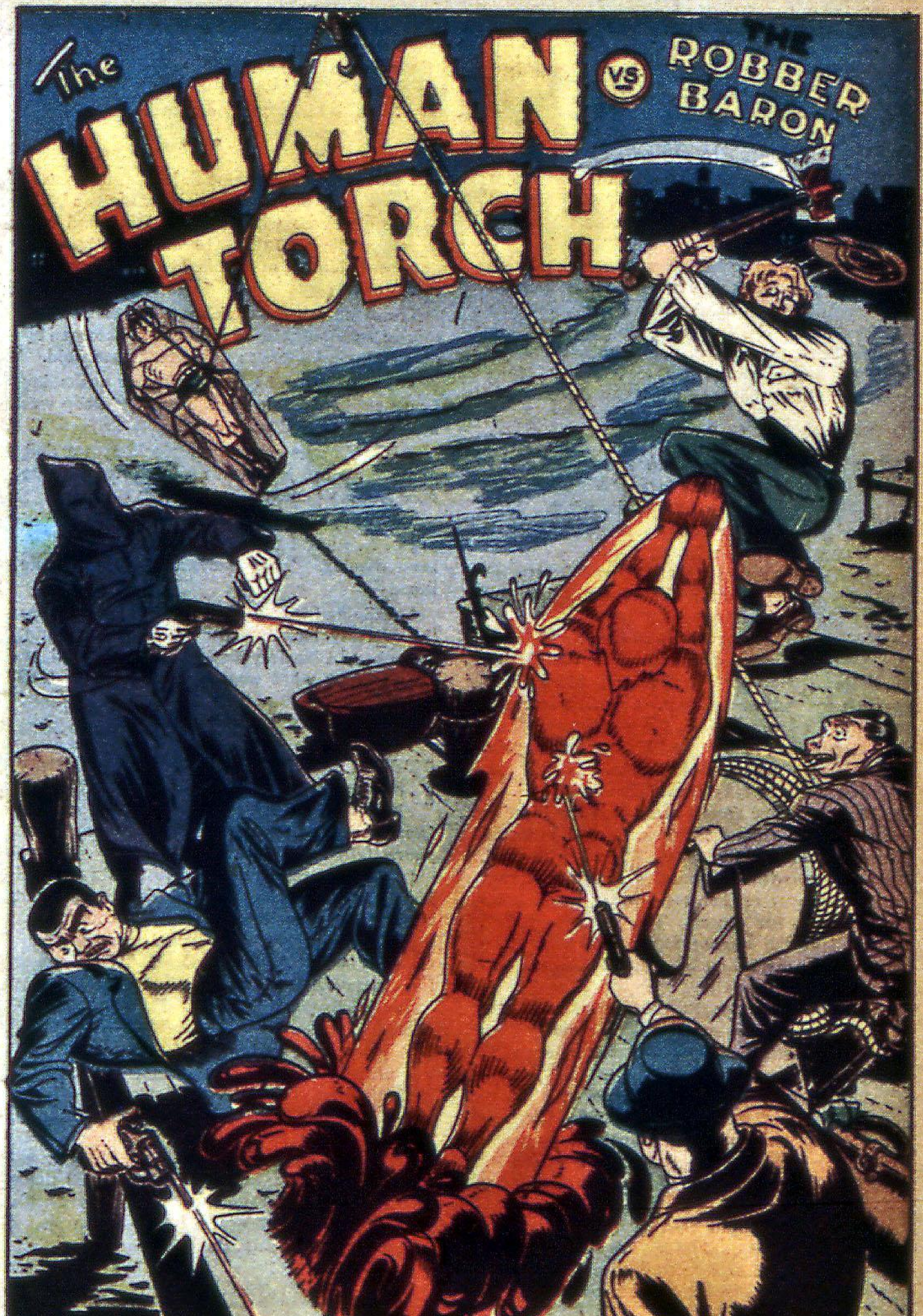
"Where you going now?"

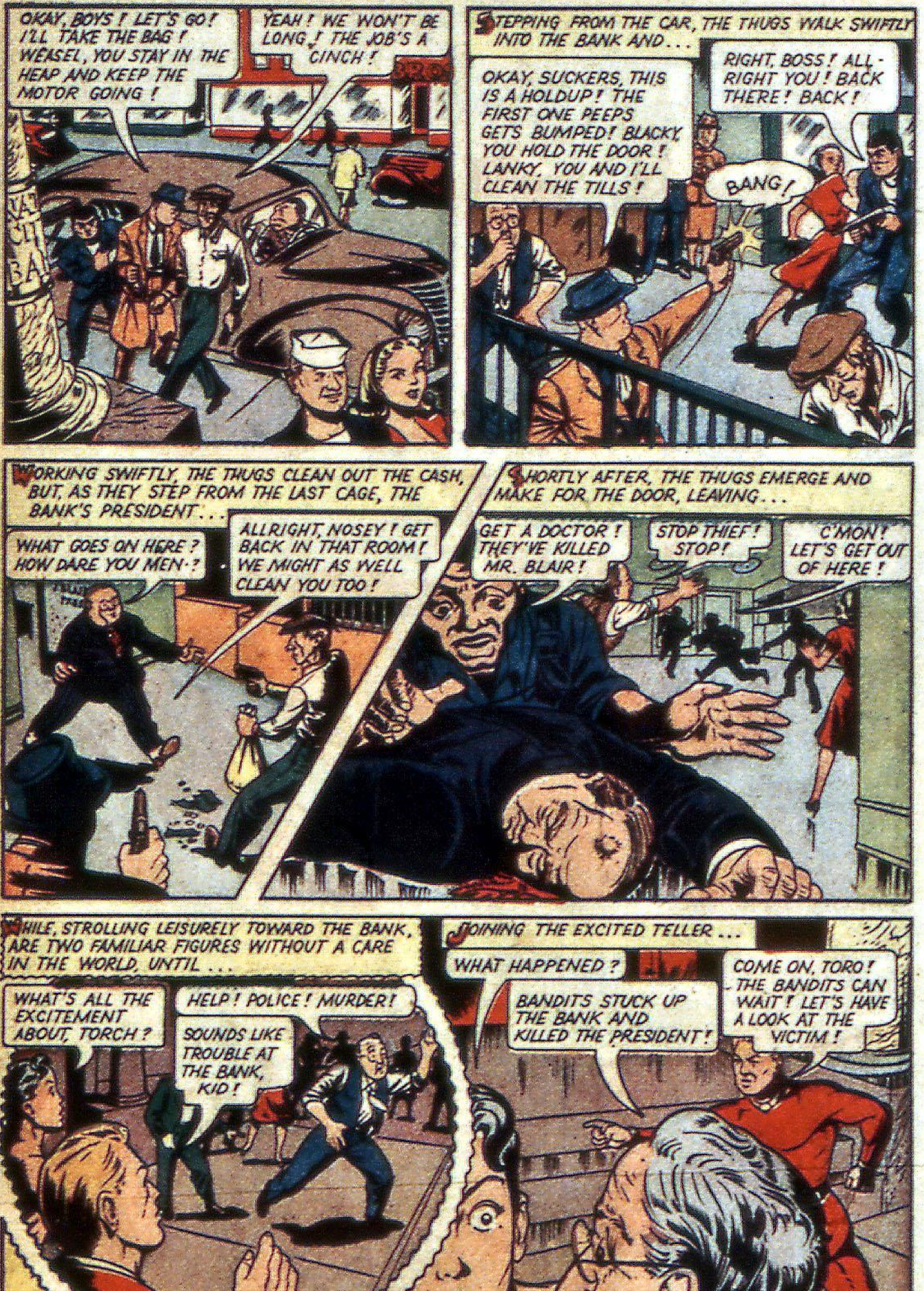
"Aren't you forgetting something?" Banty asked.

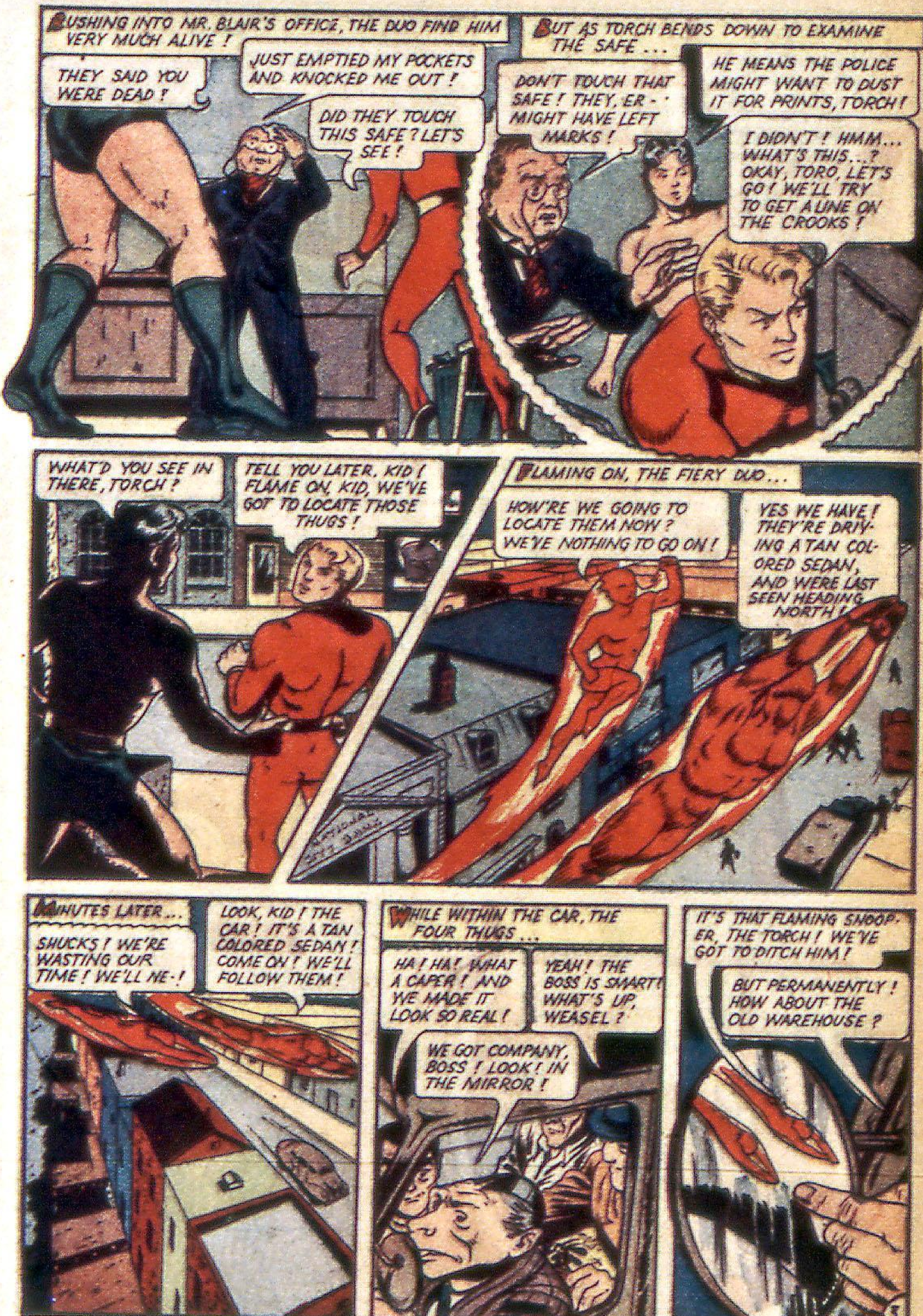
"Meaning—what?"

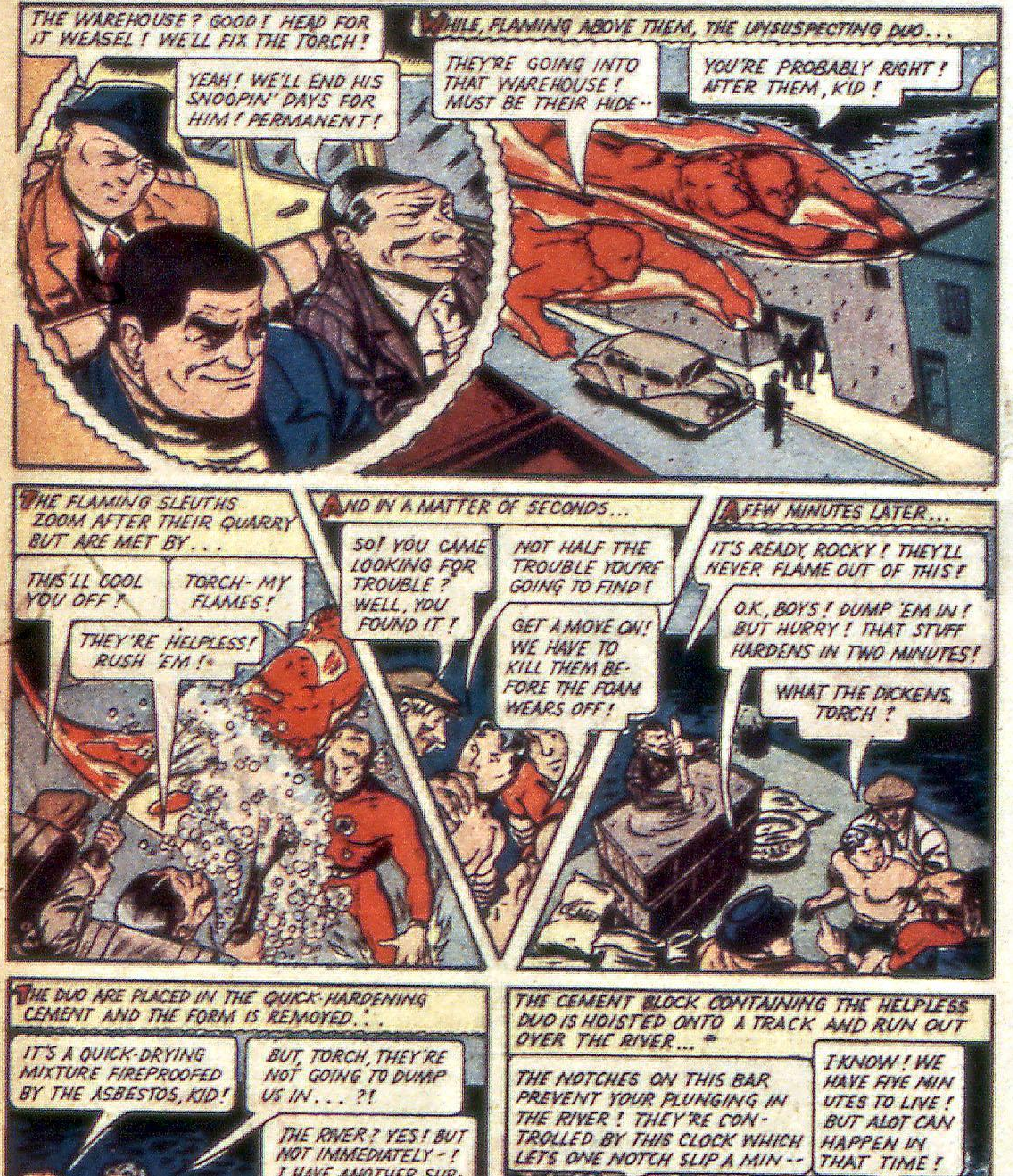
"Ed Scoggins," Banty reminded. "Back there in the shack. I'll have to go back tonight with Ed's supplies. Besides, he's liable to be pretty cramped, tied up like that for long!"

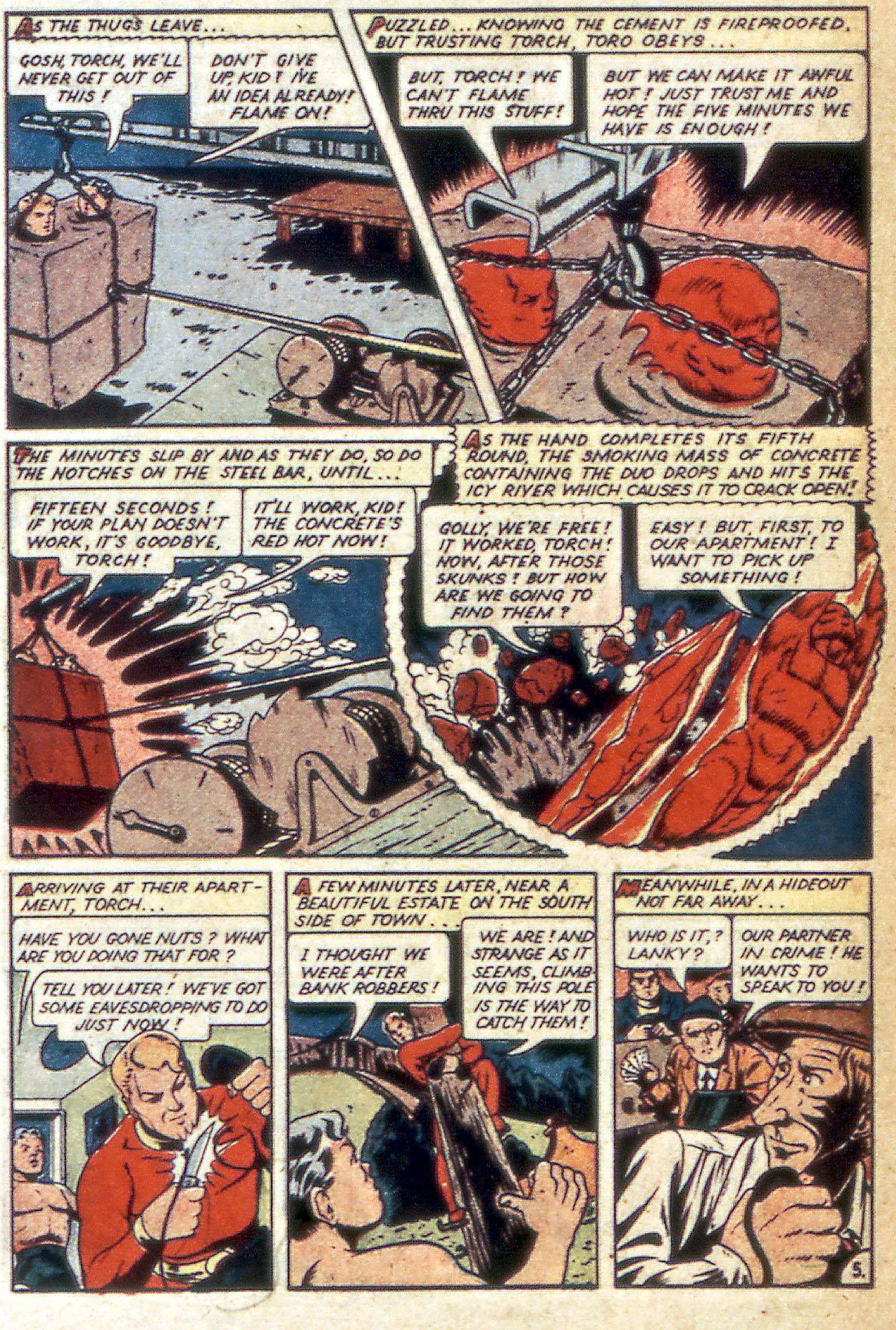
THE END

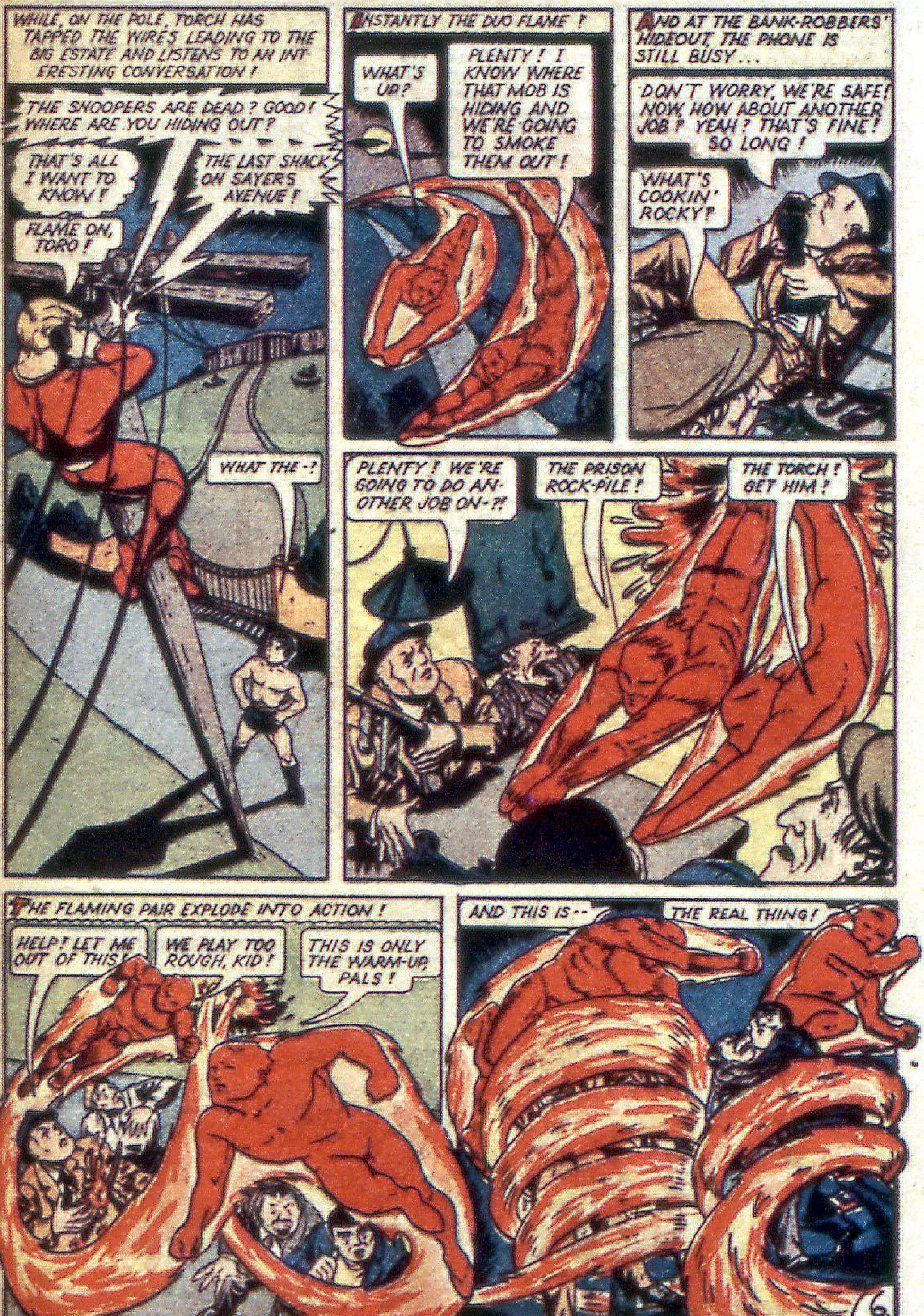

The HUMAN TORCH
vs
THE ROBBER BARON

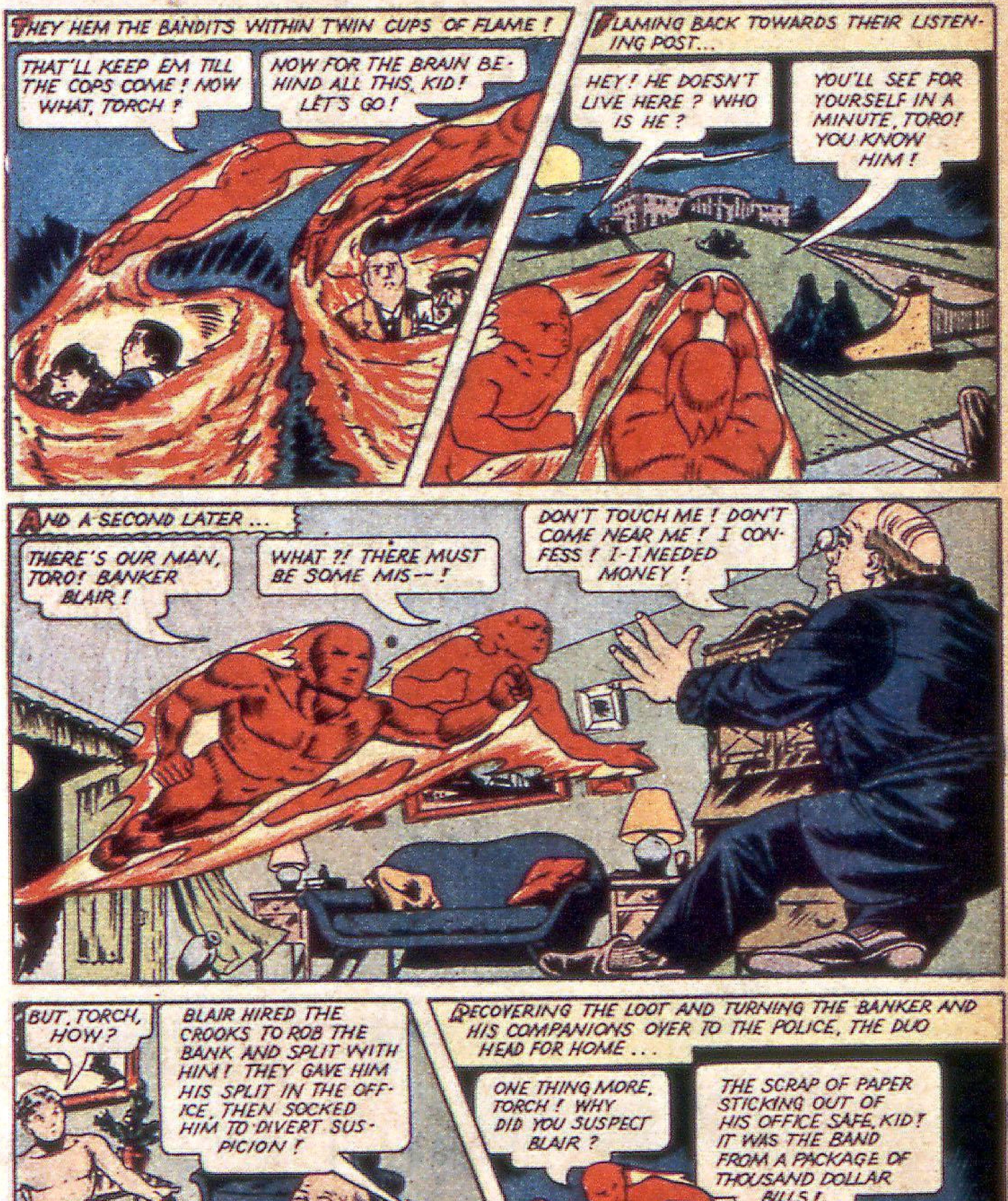

OKAY, BOYS! LET'S GO! I'LL TAKE THE BAG! WEASEL, YOU STAY IN THE HEAP AND KEEP THE MOTOR GOING!
YEAH! WE WON'T BE LONG! THE JOB'S A CINCH!
STEPPING FROM THE CAR, THE THUGS WALK SWIFTLY INTO THE BANK AND...
OKAY, SUCKERS, THIS IS A HOLDUP! THE FIRST ONE PEEPS GETS BUMPED! BLACKY, YOU HOLD THE DOOR! LANKY, YOU AND I'LL CLEAN THE TILLS!
RIGHT, BOSS! ALL-RIGHT YOU! BACK THERE! BACK!
BANG!
WORKING SWIFTLY, THE THUGS CLEAN OUT THE CASH, BUT, AS THEY STEP FROM THE LAST CAGE, THE BANK'S PRESIDENT...
WHAT GOES ON HERE? HOW DARE YOU MEN-?
ALLRIGHT, NOSEY! GET BACK IN THAT ROOM! WE MIGHT AS WELL CLEAN YOU TOO!
SHORTLY AFTER, THE THUGS EMERGE AND MAKE FOR THE DOOR, LEAVING...
GET A DOCTOR! THEY'VE KILLED MR. BLAIR!
STOP THIEF! STOP!
C'MON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WHILE, STROLLING LEISURELY TOWARD THE BANK, ARE TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD, UNTIL...
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT, TORCH?
HELP! POLICE! MURDER!
SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE AT THE BANK, KID!
JOINING THE EXCITED TELLER...
WHAT HAPPENED?
BANDITS STUCK UP THE BANK AND KILLED THE PRESIDENT!
COME ON, TORO! THE BANDITS CAN WAIT! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE VICTIM!


RUSHING INTO MR. BLAIR'S OFFICE, THE DUO FIND HIM VERY MUCH ALIVE!
THEY SAID YOU WERE DEAD!
JUST EMPTIED MY POCKETS AND KNOCKED ME OUT!
DID THEY TOUCH THIS SAFE? LET'S SEE!
BUT AS TORCH BENDS DOWN TO EXAMINE THE SAFE...
DON'T TOUCH THAT SAFE! THEY, ER- MIGHT HAVE LEFT MARKS!
HE MEANS THE POLICE MIGHT WANT TO DUST IT FOR PRINTS, TORCH!
I DIDN'T! HMM... WHAT'S THIS...? OKAY, TORO, LET'S GO! WE'LL TRY TO GET A LINE ON THE CROOKS!
WHAT'D YOU SEE IN THERE, TORCH?
TELL YOU LATER, KID! FLAME ON, KID, WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THOSE THUGS!
FLAMING ON, THE FIERY DUO...
HOW'RE WE GOING TO LOCATE THEM NOW? WE'VE NOTHING TO GO ON!
YES WE HAVE! THEY'RE DRIVING A TAN COLORED SEDAN, AND WERE LAST SEEN HEADING NORTH!
MINUTES LATER...
SHUCKS! WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME! WE'LL NE-!
LOOK, KID! THE CAR! IT'S A TAN COLORED SEDAN! COME ON! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!
WHILE WITHIN THE CAR, THE FOUR THUGS...
HA! HA! WHAT A CAPER! AND WE MADE IT LOOK SO REAL!
YEAH! THE BOSS IS SMART! WHAT'S UP, WEASEL?
WE GOT COMPANY, BOSS! LOOK! IN THE MIRROR!
IT'S THAT FLAMING SNOOPER, THE TORCH! WE'VE GOT TO DITCH HIM!
BUT PERMANENTLY! HOW ABOUT THE OLD WAREHOUSE?


THE WAREHOUSE? GOOD! HEAD FOR IT WEASEL! WE'LL FIX THE TORCH!
YEAH! WE'LL END HIS SNOOPIN' DAYS FOR HIM! PERMANENT!
WHILE, FLAMING ABOVE THEM, THE UNSUSPECTING DUO...
THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT WAREHOUSE! MUST BE THEIR HIDE--
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT! AFTER THEM, KID!
THE FLAMING SLEUTHS ZOOM AFTER THEIR QUARRY BUT ARE MET BY...
THIS'LL COOL YOU OFF!
TORCH-MY FLAMES!
THEY'RE HELPLESS! RUSH 'EM!
AND IN A MATTER OF SECONDS...
SO! YOU CAME LOOKING FOR TROUBLE? WELL, YOU FOUND IT!
NOT HALF THE TROUBLE YOU'RE GOING TO FIND!
GET A MOVE ON! WE HAVE TO KILL THEM BEFORE THE FOAM WEARS OFF!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
IT'S READY, ROCKY! THEY'LL NEVER FLAME OUT OF THIS!
O.K., BOYS! DUMP 'EM IN! BUT HURRY! THAT STUFF HARDENS IN TWO MINUTES!
WHAT THE DICKENS, TORCH?
THE DUO ARE PLACED IN THE QUICK-HARDENING CEMENT AND THE FORM IS REMOVED...
IT'S A QUICK-DRYING MIXTURE FIREPROOFED BY THE ASBESTOS, KID!
BUT, TORCH, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO DUMP US IN... ?!
THE RIVER? YES! BUT NOT IMMEDIATELY-! I HAVE ANOTHER SURPRISE TO MAKE YOUR DEATH MORE PLEASANT!
THE CEMENT BLOCK CONTAINING THE HELPLESS DUO IS HOISTED ONTO A TRACK AND RUN OUT OVER THE RIVER...
THE NOTCHES ON THIS BAR PREVENT YOUR PLUNGING IN THE RIVER! THEY'RE CONTROLLED BY THIS CLOCK WHICH LETS ONE NOTCH SLIP A MIN--
I KNOW! WE HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE! BUT ALOT CAN HAPPEN IN THAT TIME!


AS THE THUGS LEAVE...
GOSH, TORCH, WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS!
DON'T GIVE UP, KID! I'VE AN IDEA ALREADY! FLAME ON!
PUZZLED... KNOWING THE CEMENT IS FIREPROOFED, BUT TRUSTING TORCH, TORO OBEYS...
BUT, TORCH! WE CAN'T FLAME THRU THIS STUFF!
BUT WE CAN MAKE IT AWFUL HOT! JUST TRUST ME AND HOPE THE FIVE MINUTES WE HAVE IS ENOUGH!
THE MINUTES SLIP BY AND AS THEY DO, SO DO THE NOTCHES ON THE STEEL BAR, UNTIL...
FIFTEEN SECONDS! IF YOUR PLAN DOESN'T WORK, IT'S GOODBYE, TORCH!
IT'LL WORK, KID! THE CONCRETE'S RED HOT NOW!
AS THE HAND COMPLETES ITS FIFTH ROUND, THE SMOKING MASS OF CONCRETE CONTAINING THE DUO DROPS AND HITS THE ICY RIVER WHICH CAUSES IT TO CRACK OPEN!
GOLLY, WE'RE FREE! IT WORKED, TORCH! NOW, AFTER THOSE SKUNKS! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND THEM?
EASY! BUT, FIRST, TO OUR APARTMENT! I WANT TO PICK UP SOMETHING!
ARRIVING AT THEIR APARTMENT, TORCH...
HAVE YOU GONE NUTS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT FOR?
TELL YOU LATER! WE'VE GOT SOME EAVESDROPPING TO DO JUST NOW!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, NEAR A BEAUTIFUL ESTATE ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN...
I THOUGHT WE WERE AFTER BANK ROBBERS!
WE ARE! AND STRANGE AS IT SEEMS, CLIMBING THIS POLE IS THE WAY TO CATCH THEM!
MEANWHILE, IN A HIDEOUT NOT FAR AWAY...
WHO IS IT,? LANKY?
OUR PARTNER IN CRIME! HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU!

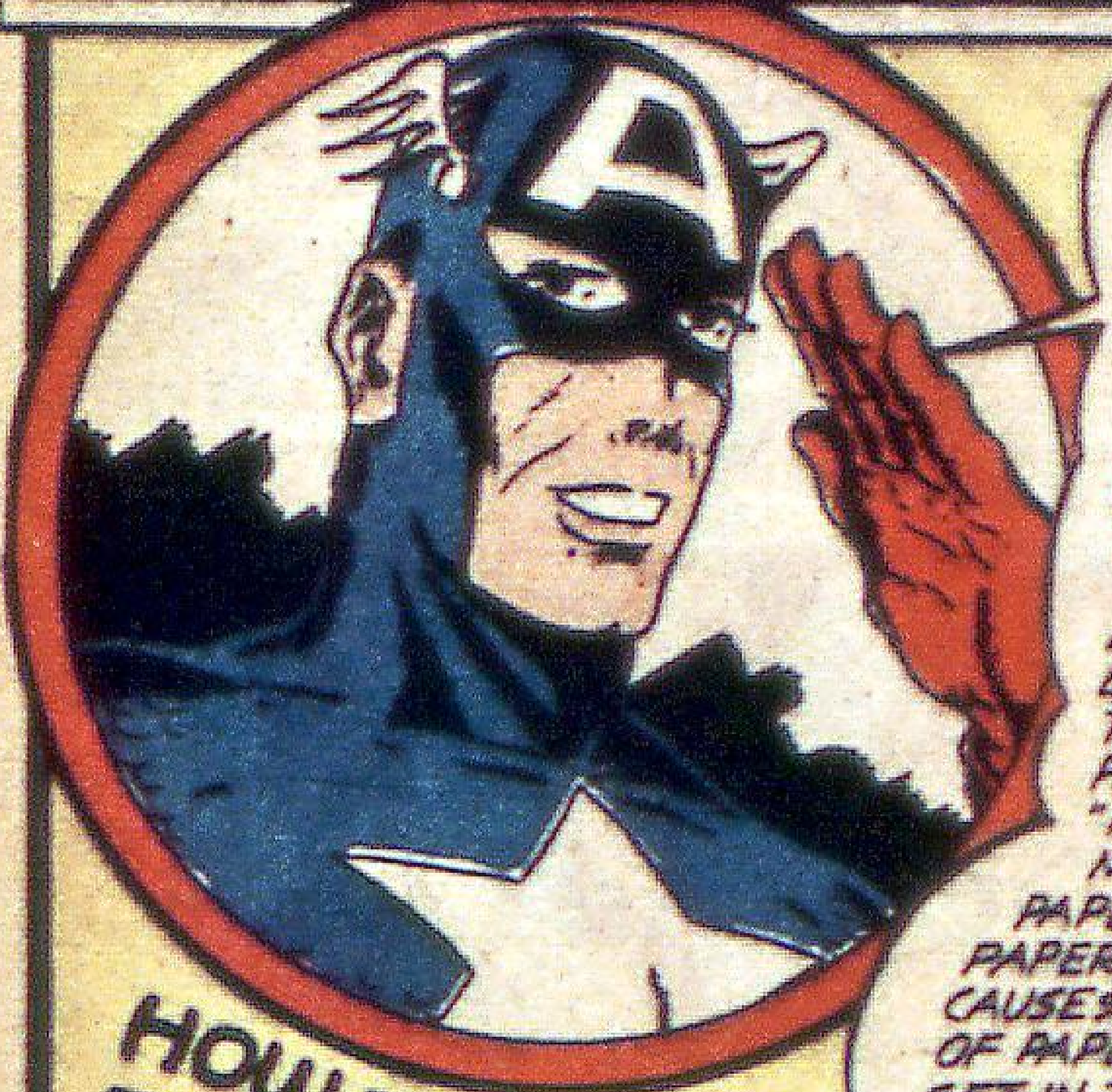

WHILE, ON THE POLE, TORCH HAS TAPPED THE WIRES LEADING TO THE BIG ESTATE AND LISTENS TO AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION !
THE SNOOPERS ARE DEAD ? GOOD ! WHERE ARE YOU HIDING OUT ?
THE LAST SHACK ON SAYERS AVENUE !
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW !
FLAME ON, TORO !
WHAT THE -?
INSTANTLY THE DUO FLAME !
WHAT'S UP?
PLENTY ! I KNOW WHERE THAT MOB IS HIDING AND WE'RE GOING TO SMOKE THEM OUT !
AND AT THE BANK-ROBBERS' HIDEOUT, THE PHONE IS STILL BUSY ...
DON'T WORRY, WE'RE SAFE ! NOW, HOW ABOUT ANOTHER JOB ? YEAH ? THAT'S FINE ! SO LONG !
WHAT'S COOKIN' ROCKY?
PLENTY ! WE'RE GOING TO DO ANOTHER JOB ON -?!
THE PRISON ROCK-PILE !
THE TORCH ! GET HIM !
THE FLAMING PAIR EXPLODE INTO ACTION !
HELP ! LET ME OUT OF THIS !
WE PLAY TOO ROUGH, KID !
THIS IS ONLY THE WARM-UP, PALS !
AND THIS IS --
THE REAL THING !


THEY HEM THE BANDITS WITHIN TWIN CUPS OF FLAME!
THAT'LL KEEP EM TILL THE COPS COME! NOW WHAT, TORCH?
NOW FOR THE BRAIN BEHIND ALL THIS, KID! LET'S GO!
FLAMING BACK TOWARDS THEIR LISTENING POST...
HEY! HE DOESN'T LIVE HERE? WHO IS HE?
YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF IN A MINUTE, TORO! YOU KNOW HIM!
AND A SECOND LATER...
THERE'S OUR MAN, TORO! BANKER BLAIR!
WHAT ?! THERE MUST BE SOME MIS--!
DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T COME NEAR ME! I CONFESS! I-I NEEDED MONEY!
BUT, TORCH, HOW?
BLAIR HIRED THE CROOKS TO ROB THE BANK AND SPLIT WITH HIM! THEY GAVE HIM HIS SPLIT IN THE OFFICE, THEN SOCKED HIM TO DIVERT SUSPICION!
RECOVERING THE LOOT AND TURNING THE BANKER AND HIS COMPANIONS OVER TO THE POLICE, THE DUO HEAD FOR HOME...
ONE THING MORE, TORCH! WHY DID YOU SUSPECT BLAIR?
THE SCRAP OF PAPER STICKING OUT OF HIS OFFICE SAFE, KID! IT WAS THE BAND FROM A PACKAGE OF THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS!
THE END

URGENT!

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!



HELLO, KIDS!

YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY **JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!**

GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!

PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE **NEW** PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE **OLD!** TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR **NEAREST** LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM, HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...

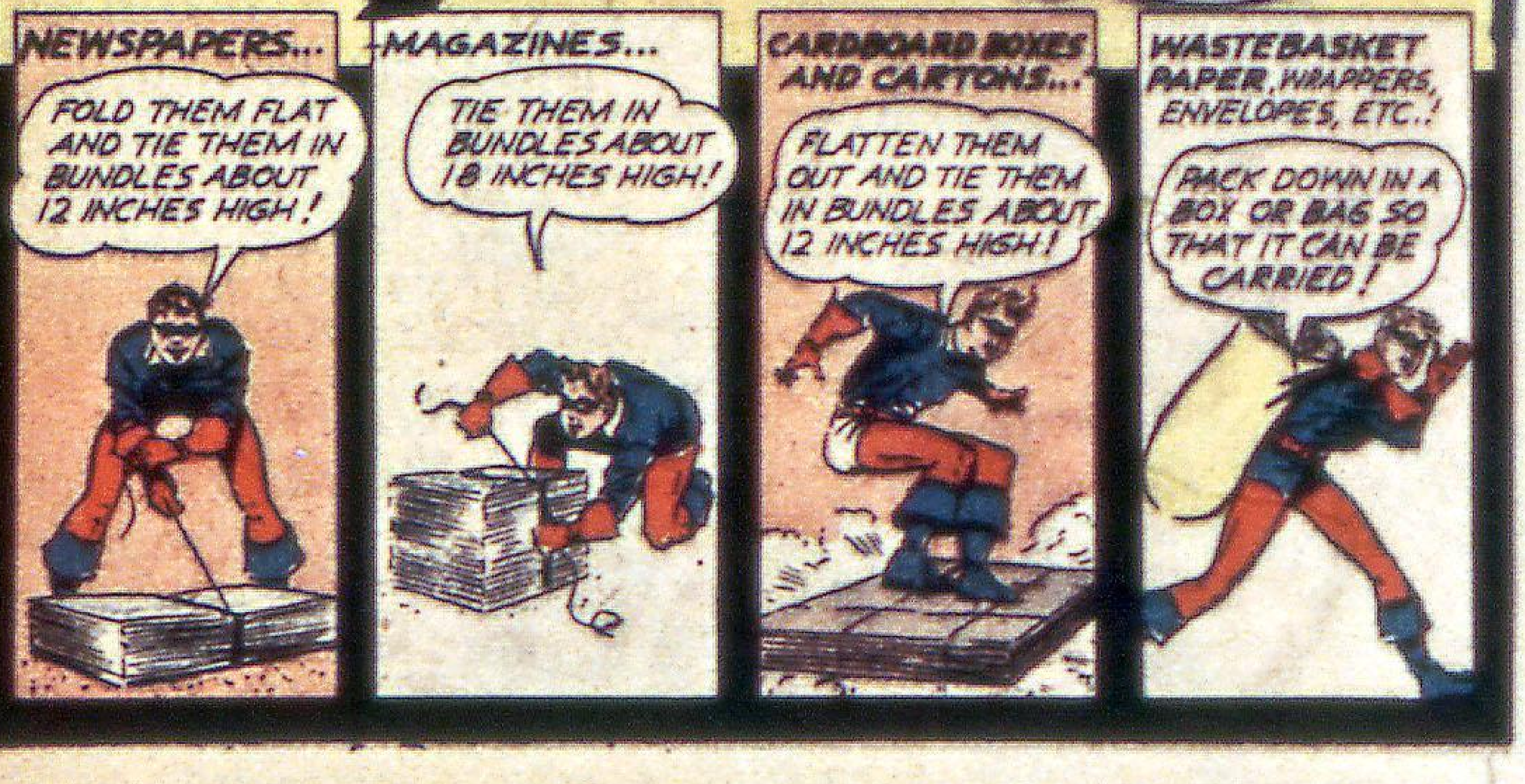
DO IT NOW ... THIS MINUTE!

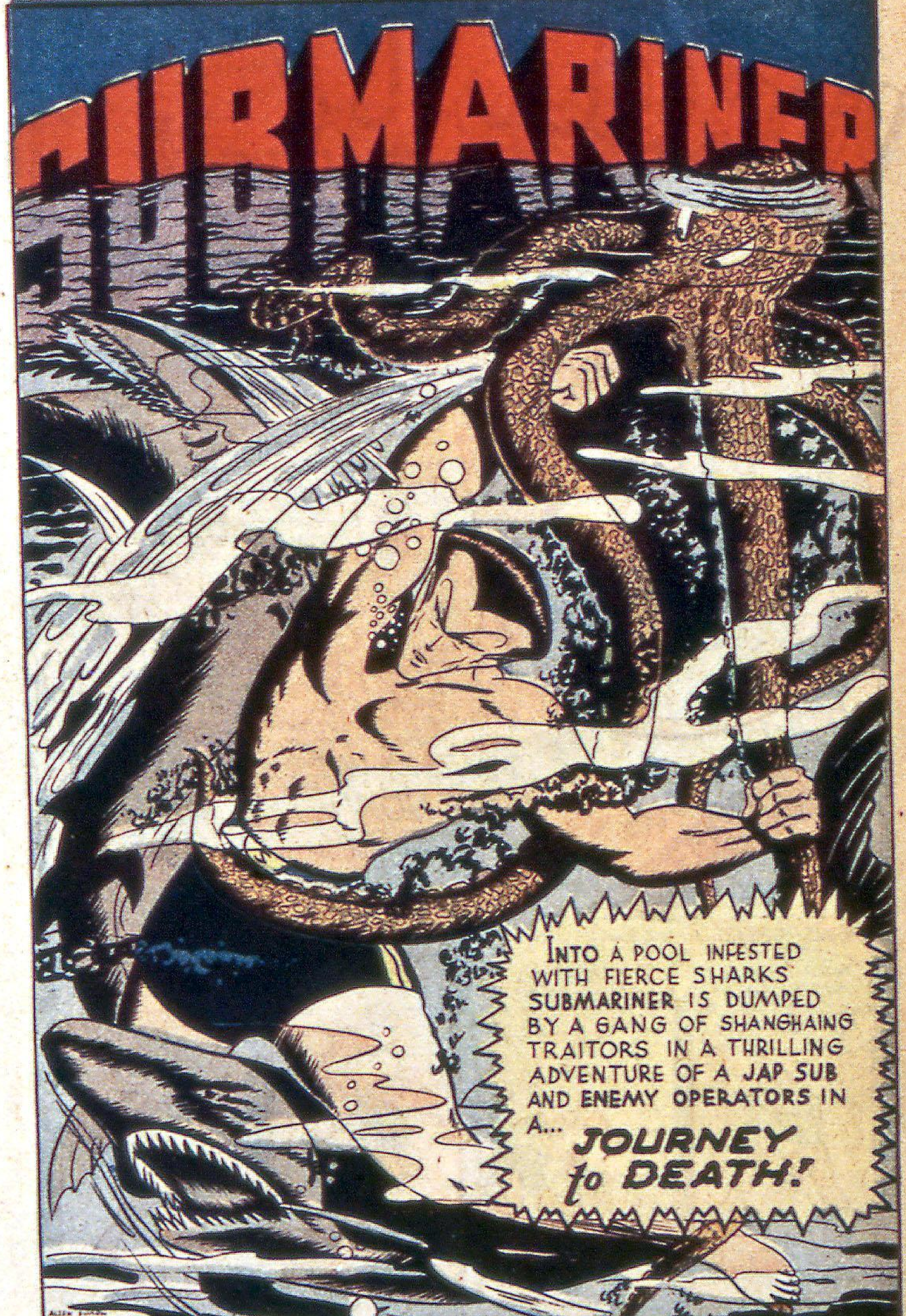
BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!

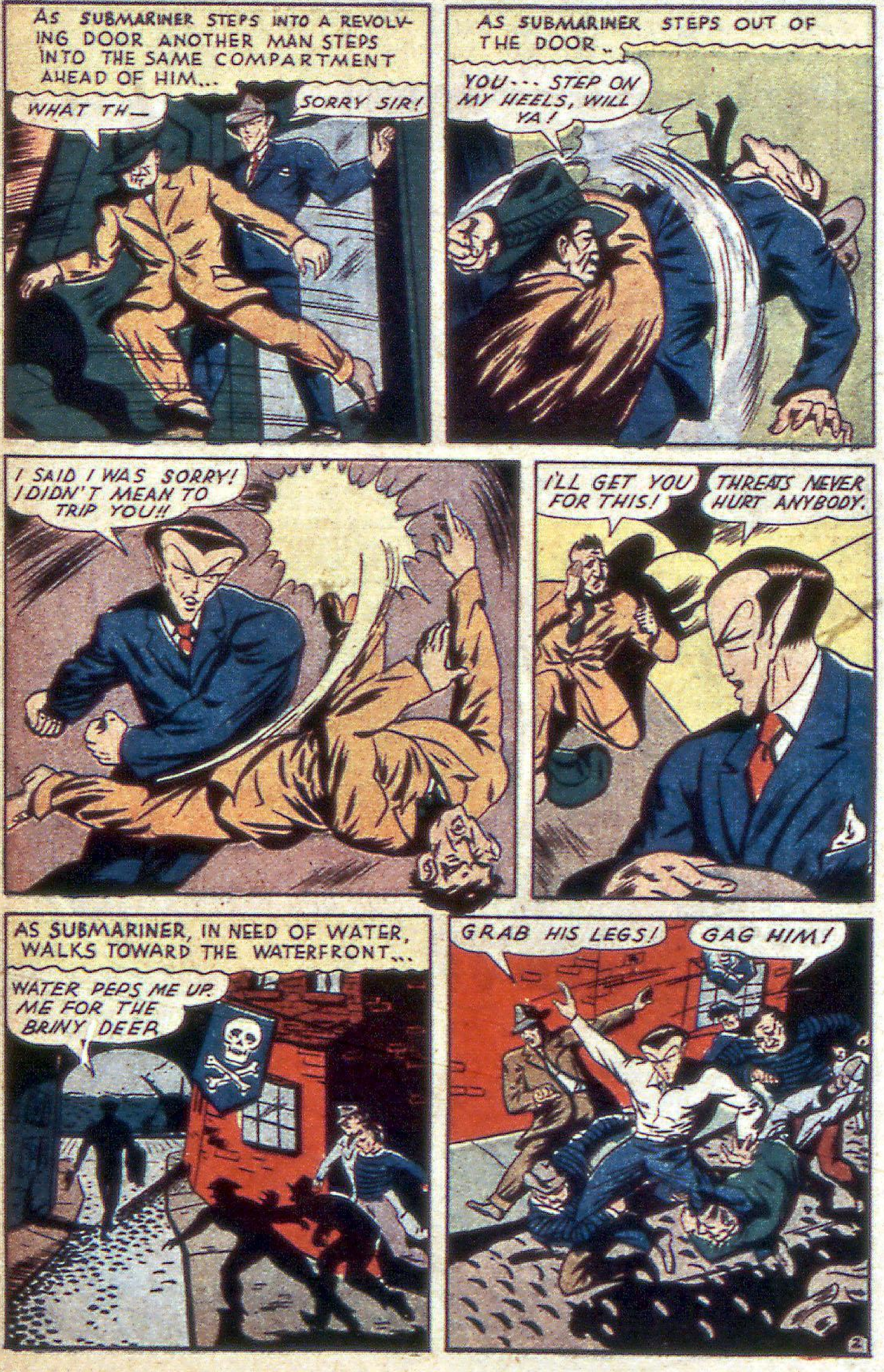
THANKS, KIDS!

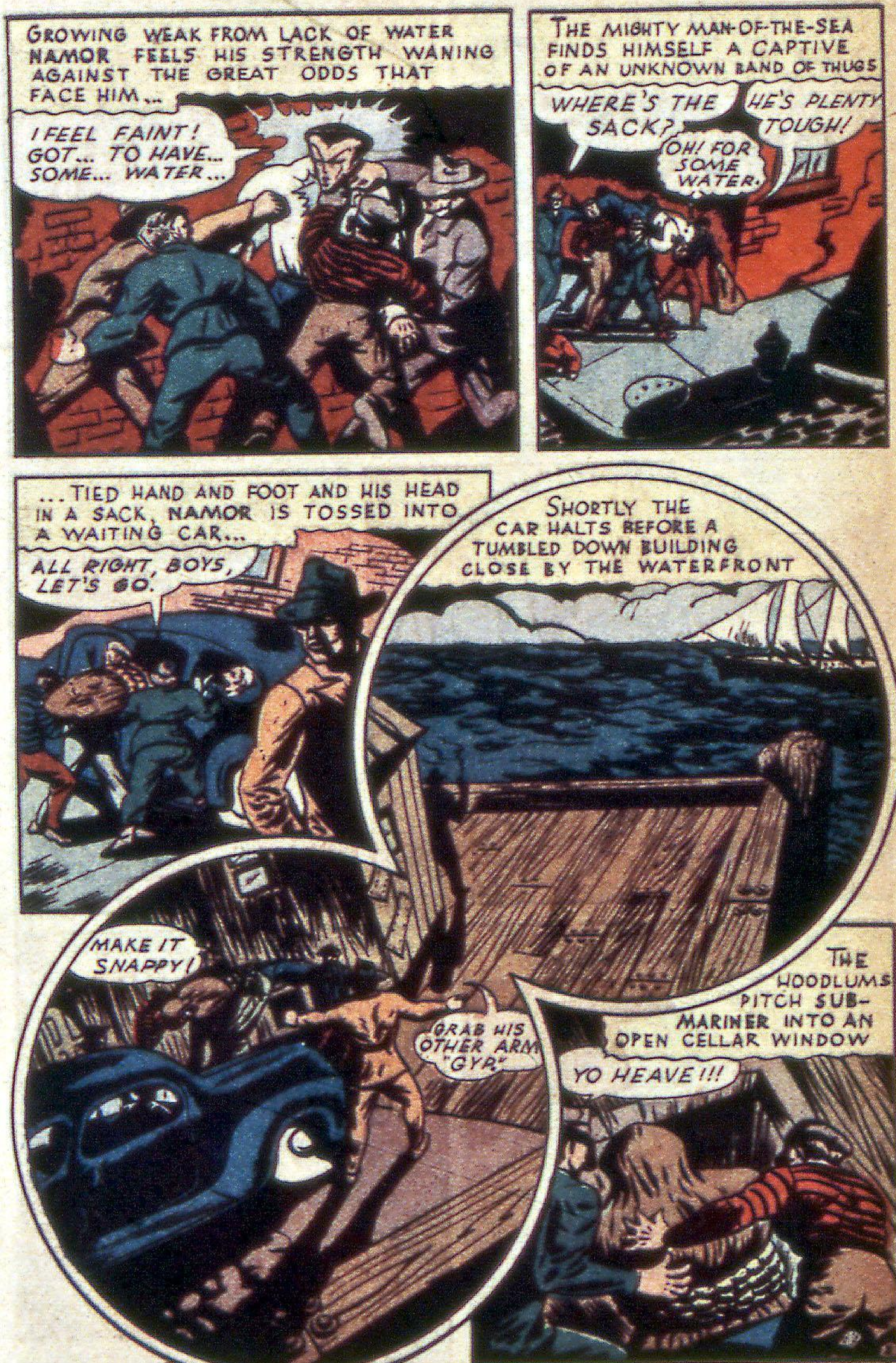
HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER

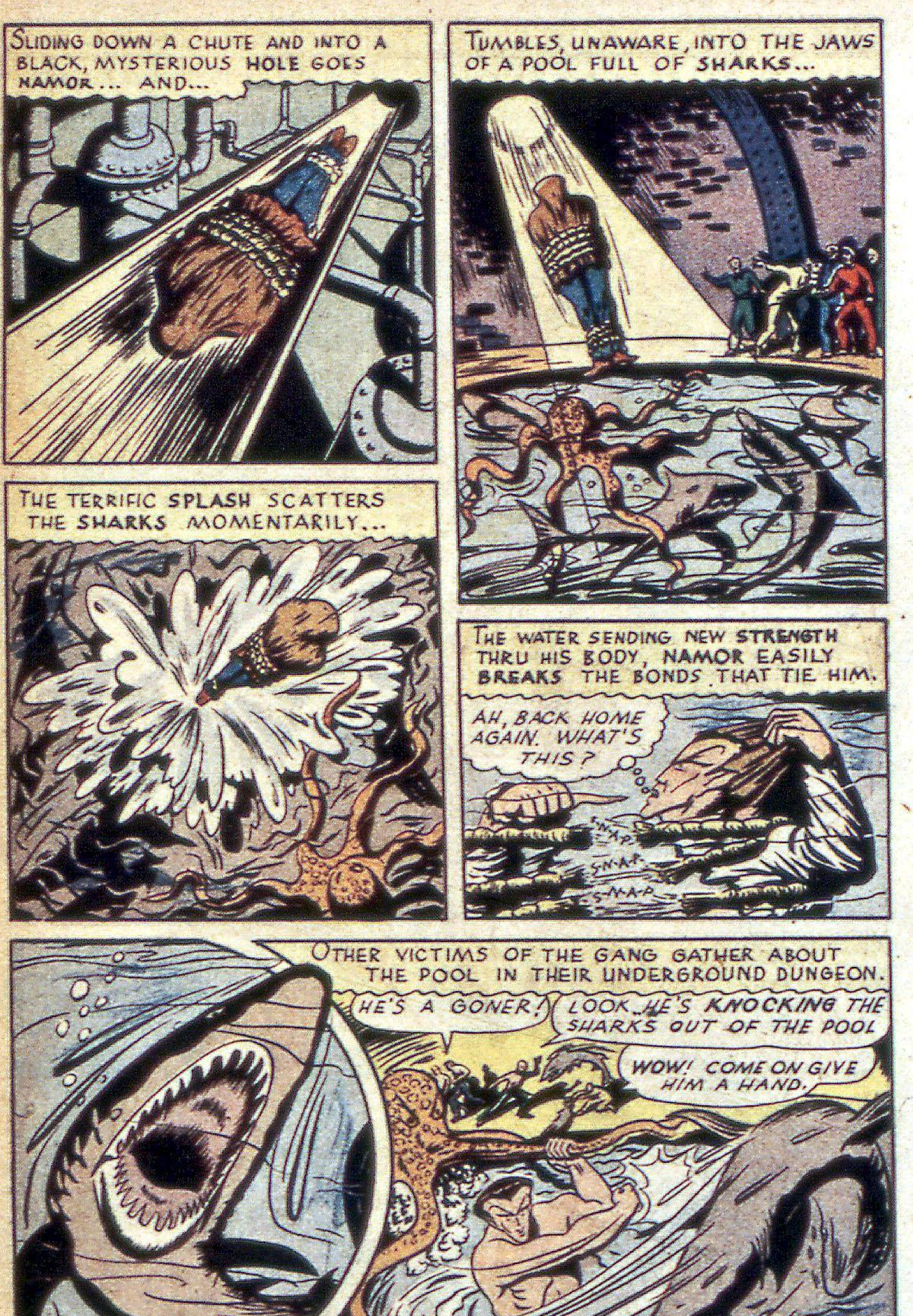
FOR EASY HANDLING!

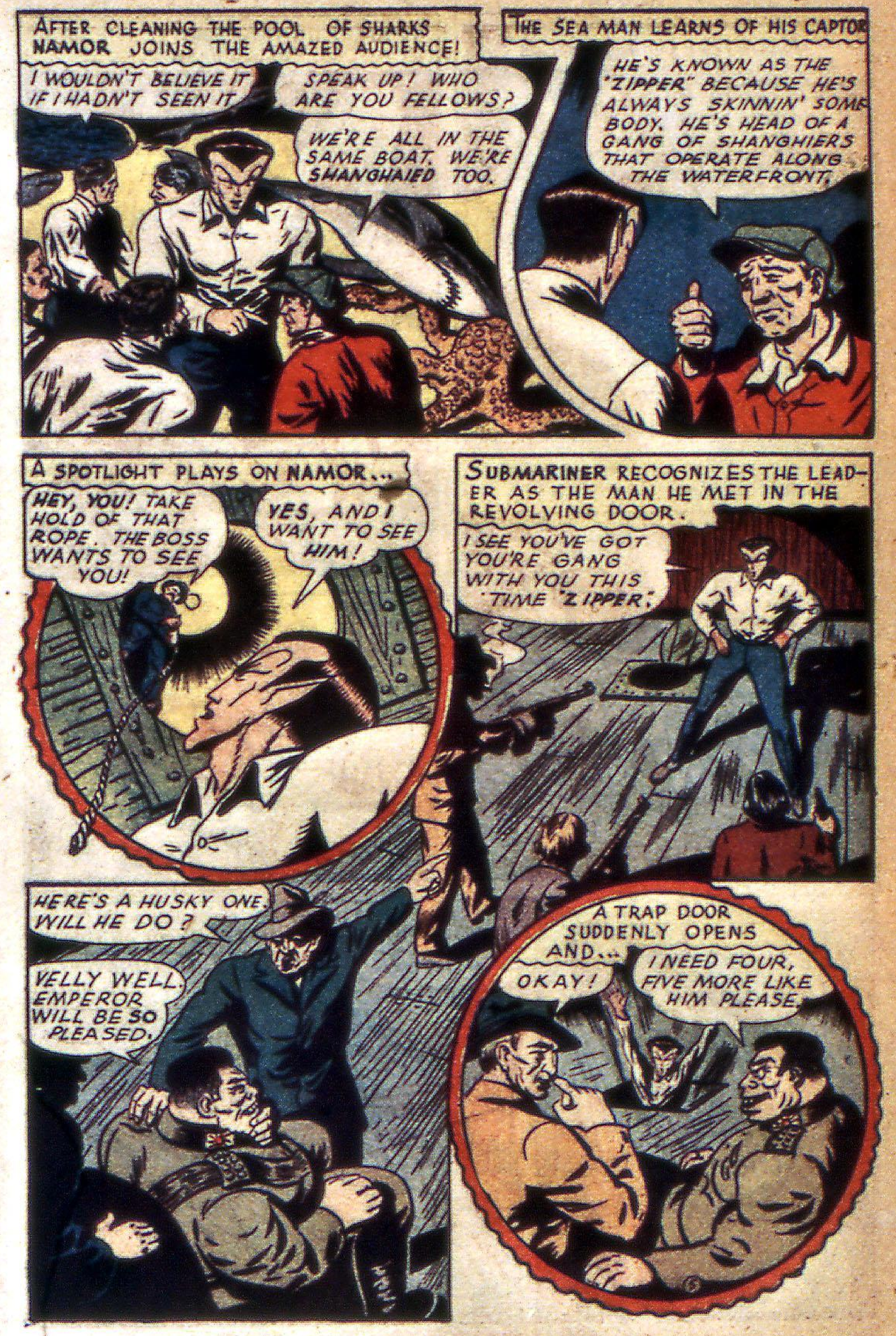

NEWSPAPERS...
FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
MAGAZINES...
TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC..!
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!

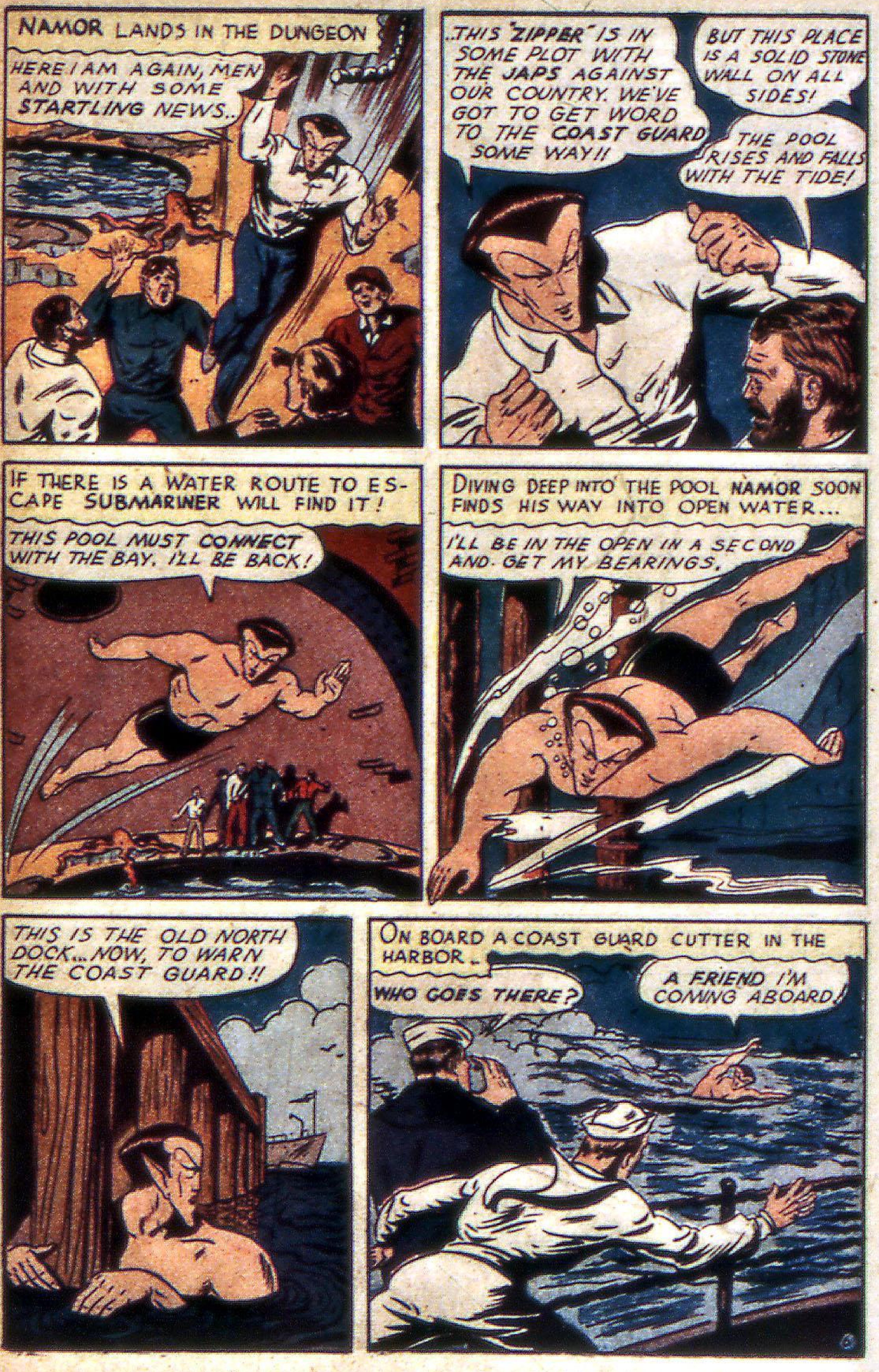

SUBMARINER
INTO A POOL INFESTED WITH FIERCE SHARKS SUBMARINER IS DUMPED BY A GANG OF SHANGHAING TRAITORS IN A THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A JAP SUB AND ENEMY OPERATORS IN A... JOURNEY to DEATH!

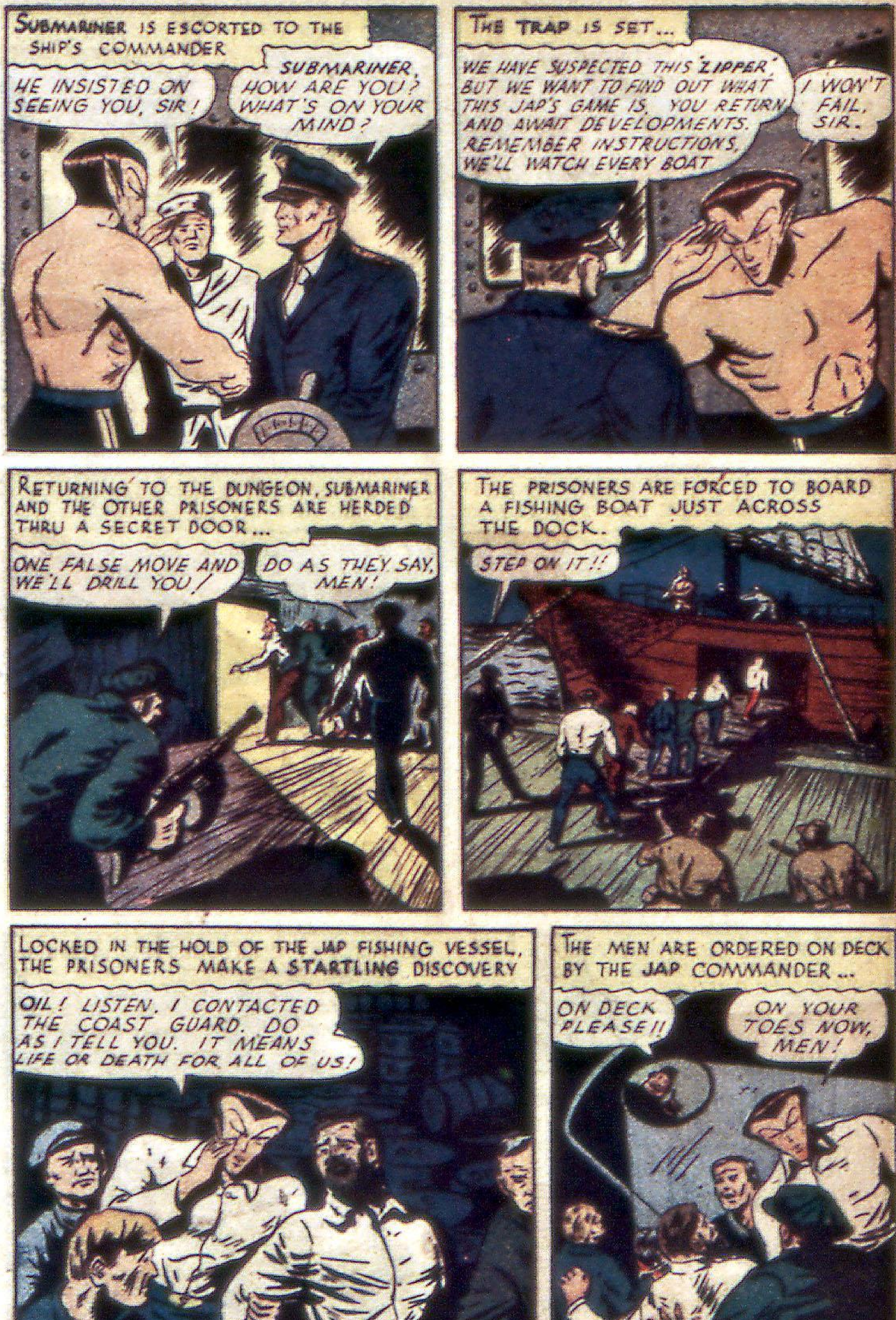

AS SUBMARINER STEPS INTO A REVOLVING DOOR ANOTHER MAN STEPS INTO THE SAME COMPARTMENT AHEAD OF HIM...
WHAT TH—
SORRY SIR!
AS SUBMARINER STEPS OUT OF THE DOOR..
YOU... STEP ON MY HEELS, WILL YA!
I SAID I WAS SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO TRIP YOU!!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!
THREATS NEVER HURT ANYBODY.
AS SUBMARINER, IN NEED OF WATER, WALKS TOWARD THE WATERFRONT...
WATER PEPS ME UP. ME FOR THE BRINY DEEP.
GRAB HIS LEGS!
GAG HIM!
2

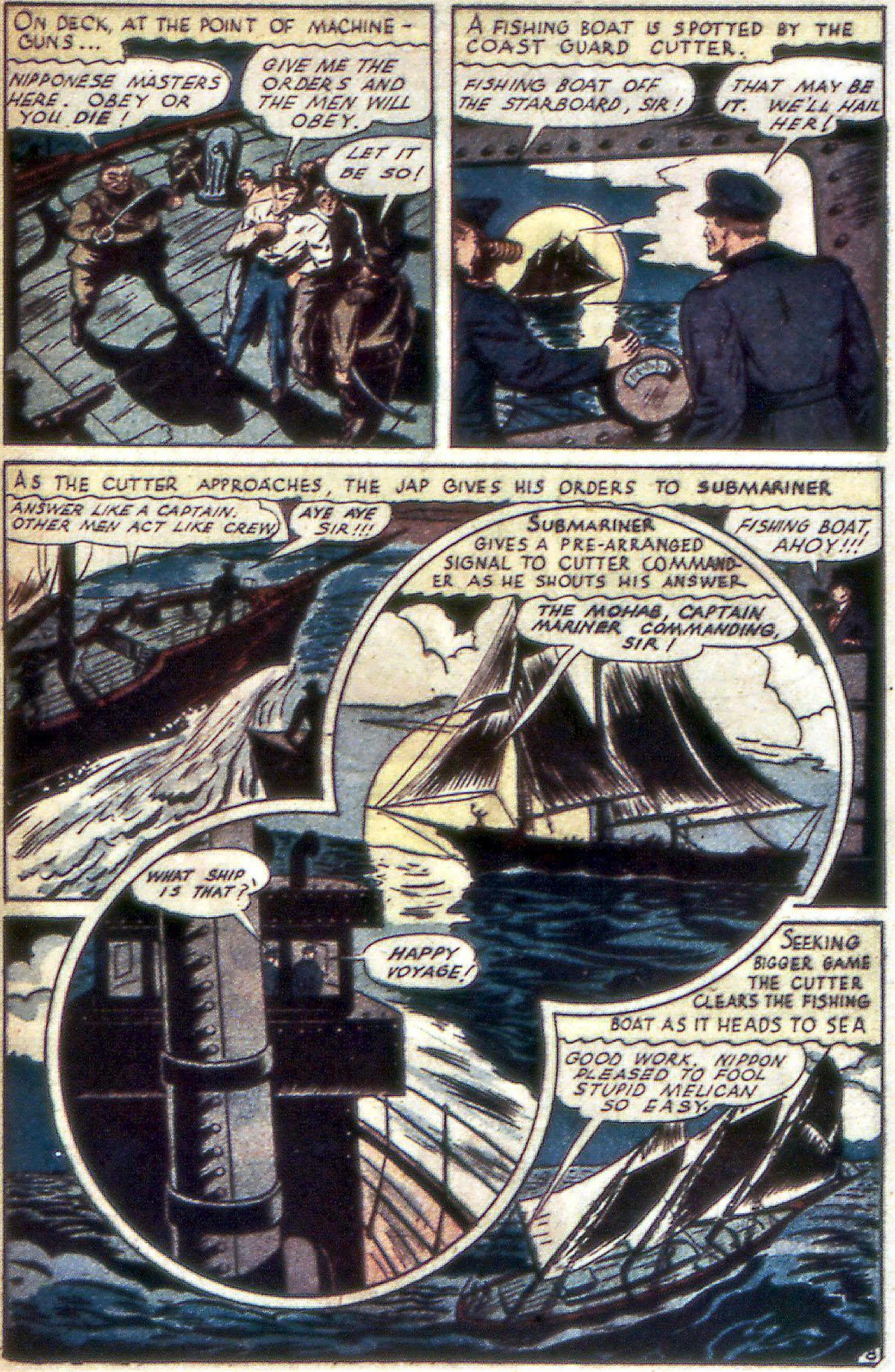

GROWING WEAK FROM LACK OF WATER NAMOR FEELS HIS STRENGTH WANING AGAINST THE GREAT ODDS THAT FACE HIM...
I FEEL FAINT! GOT... TO HAVE... SOME... WATER...
THE MIGHTY MAN-OF-THE-SEA FINDS HIMSELF A CAPTIVE OF AN UNKNOWN BAND OF THUGS
WHERE'S THE SACK?
HE'S PLENTY TOUGH!
OH! FOR SOME WATER.
...TIED HAND AND FOOT AND HIS HEAD IN A SACK, NAMOR IS TOSSED INTO A WAITING CAR...
ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S GO.
SHORTLY THE CAR HALTS BEFORE A TUMBLED DOWN BUILDING CLOSE BY THE WATERFRONT
MAKE IT SNAPPY!
GRAB HIS OTHER ARM "GYP."
THE HOODLUMS PITCH SUB-MARINER INTO AN OPEN CELLAR WINDOW
YO HEAVE!!!

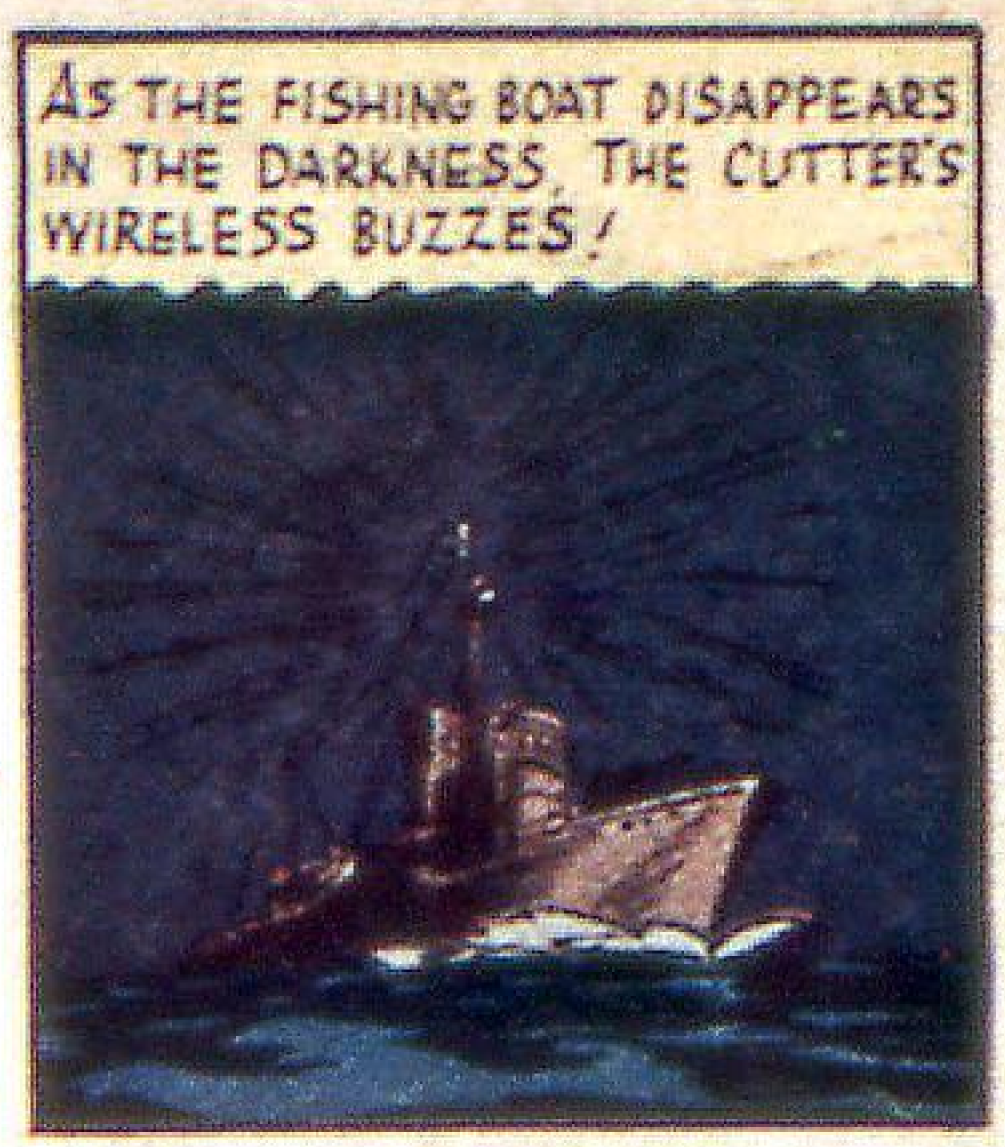

SLIDING DOWN A CHUTE AND INTO A BLACK, MYSTERIOUS HOLE GOES NAMOR... AND...
TUMBLES, UNAWARE, INTO THE JAWS OF A POOL FULL OF SHARKS...
THE TERRIFIC SPLASH SCATTERS THE SHARKS MOMENTARILY...
THE WATER SENDING NEW STRENGTH THRU HIS BODY, NAMOR EASILY BREAKS THE BONDS THAT TIE HIM.
AH, BACK HOME AGAIN. WHAT'S THIS?
S-N-A-P
S-N-A-P
S-N-A-P
OTHER VICTIMS OF THE GANG GATHER ABOUT THE POOL IN THEIR UNDERGROUND DUNGEON.
HE'S A GONER!
LOOK HE'S KNOCKING THE SHARKS OUT OF THE POOL
WOW! COME ON GIVE HIM A HAND.
4

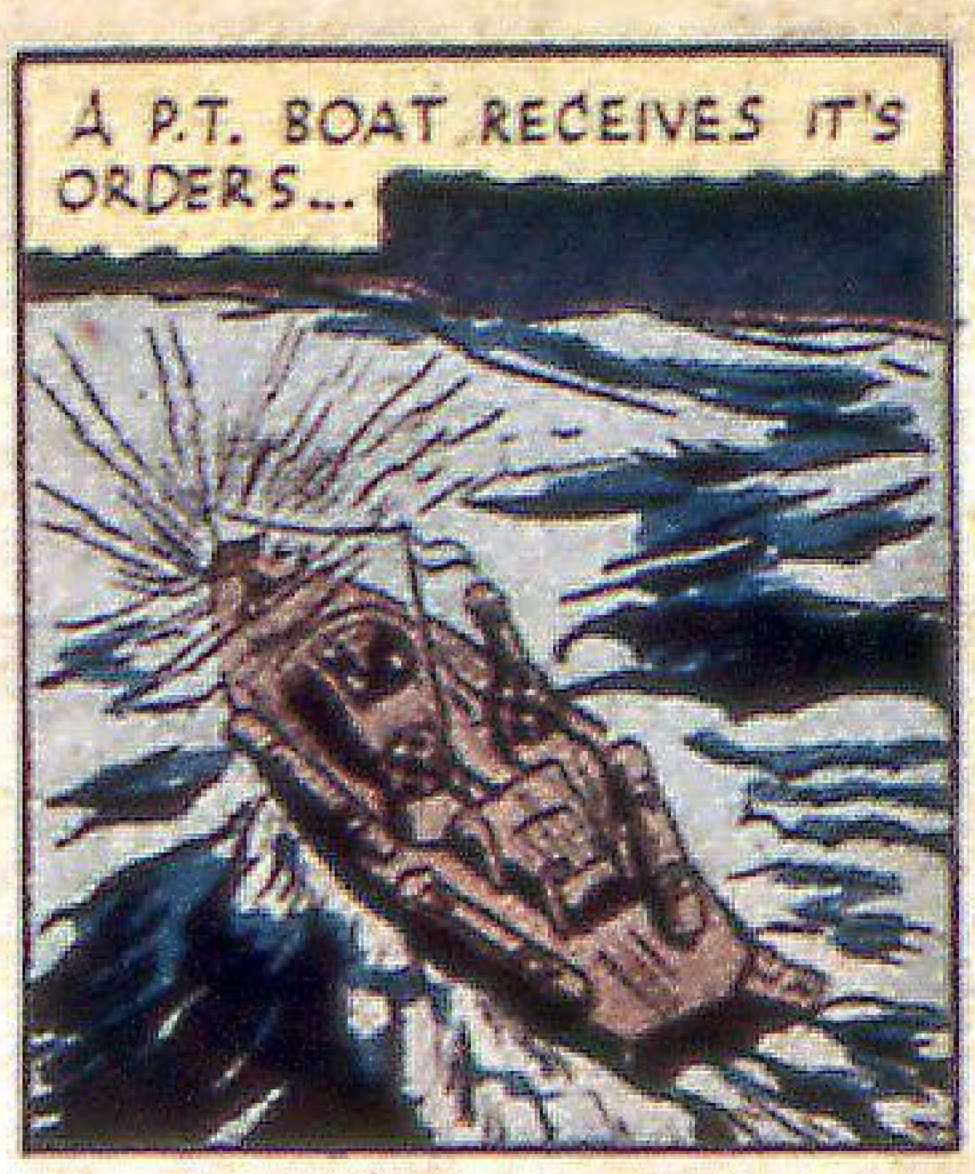

AFTER CLEANING THE POOL OF SHARKS NAMOR JOINS THE AMAZED AUDIENCE!
I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT.
SPEAK UP! WHO ARE YOU FELLOWS?
WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT. WE'RE SHANGHAIED TOO.
THE SEA MAN LEARNS OF HIS CAPTOR
HE'S KNOWN AS THE "ZIPPER" BECAUSE HE'S ALWAYS SKINNIN' SOME BODY. HE'S HEAD OF A GANG OF SHANGHIERS THAT OPERATE ALONG THE WATERFRONT.
A SPOTLIGHT PLAYS ON NAMOR...
HEY, YOU! TAKE HOLD OF THAT ROPE. THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!
YES, AND I WANT TO SEE HIM!
SUBMARINER RECOGNIZES THE LEADER AS THE MAN HE MET IN THE REVOLVING DOOR.
I SEE YOU'VE GOT YOU'RE GANG WITH YOU THIS TIME "ZIPPER."
HERE'S A HUSKY ONE. WILL HE DO?
VELLY WELL. EMPEROR WILL BE SO PLEASED.
A TRAP DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS AND...
OKAY!
I NEED FOUR, FIVE MORE LIKE HIM PLEASE.

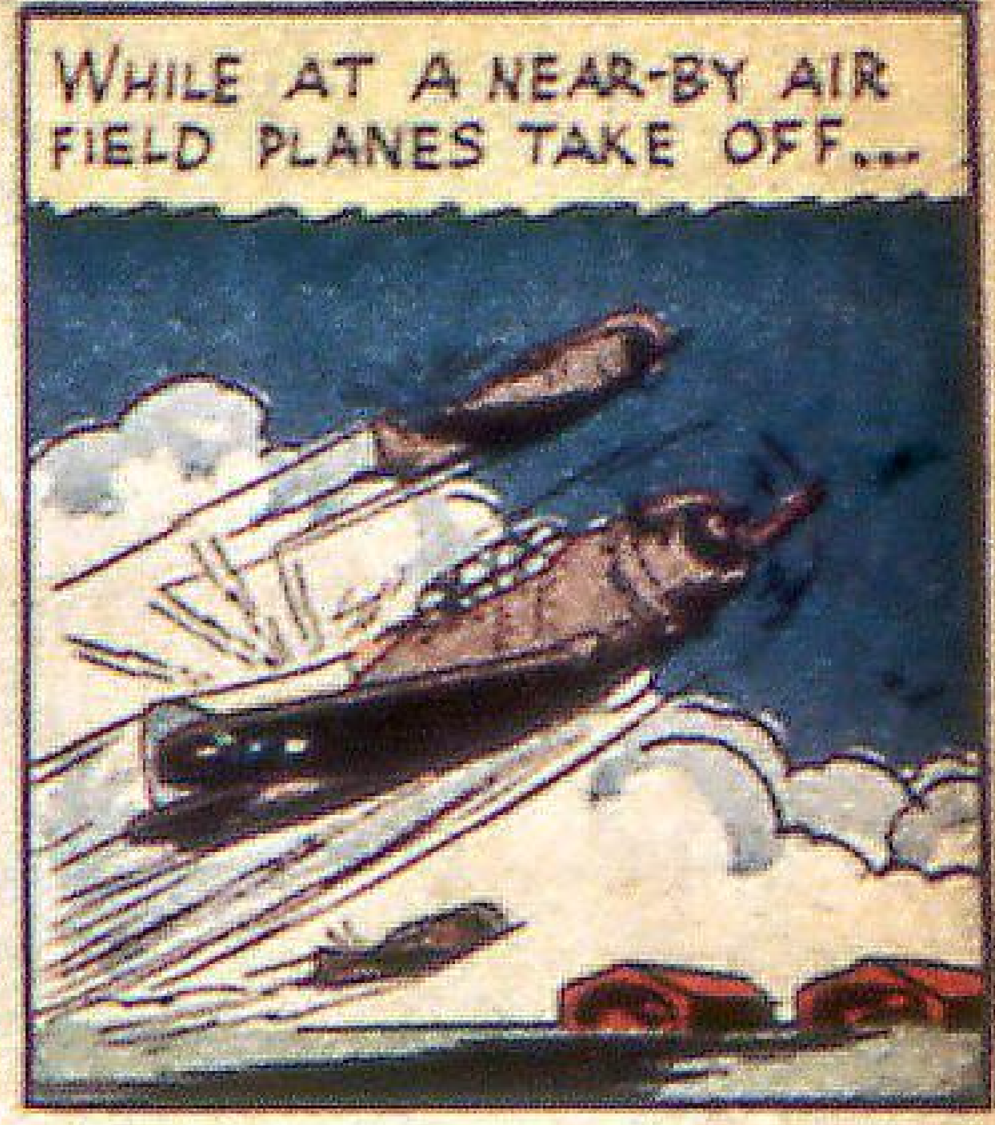

NAMOR LANDS IN THE DUNGEON
HERE I AM AGAIN, MEN AND WITH SOME STARTLING NEWS..
..THIS "ZIPPER" IS IN SOME PLOT WITH THE JAPS AGAINST OUR COUNTRY. WE'VE GOT TO GET WORD TO THE COAST GUARD SOME WAY!!
BUT THIS PLACE IS A SOLID STONE WALL ON ALL SIDES!
THE POOL RISES AND FALLS WITH THE TIDE!
IF THERE IS A WATER ROUTE TO ESCAPE SUBMARINER WILL FIND IT!
THIS POOL MUST CONNECT WITH THE BAY. I'LL BE BACK!
DIVING DEEP INTO THE POOL NAMOR SOON FINDS HIS WAY INTO OPEN WATER...
I'LL BE IN THE OPEN IN A SECOND AND GET MY BEARINGS.
THIS IS THE OLD NORTH DOCK... NOW, TO WARN THE COAST GUARD!!
ON BOARD A COAST GUARD CUTTER IN THE HARBOR..
WHO GOES THERE?
A FRIEND I'M COMING ABOARD!

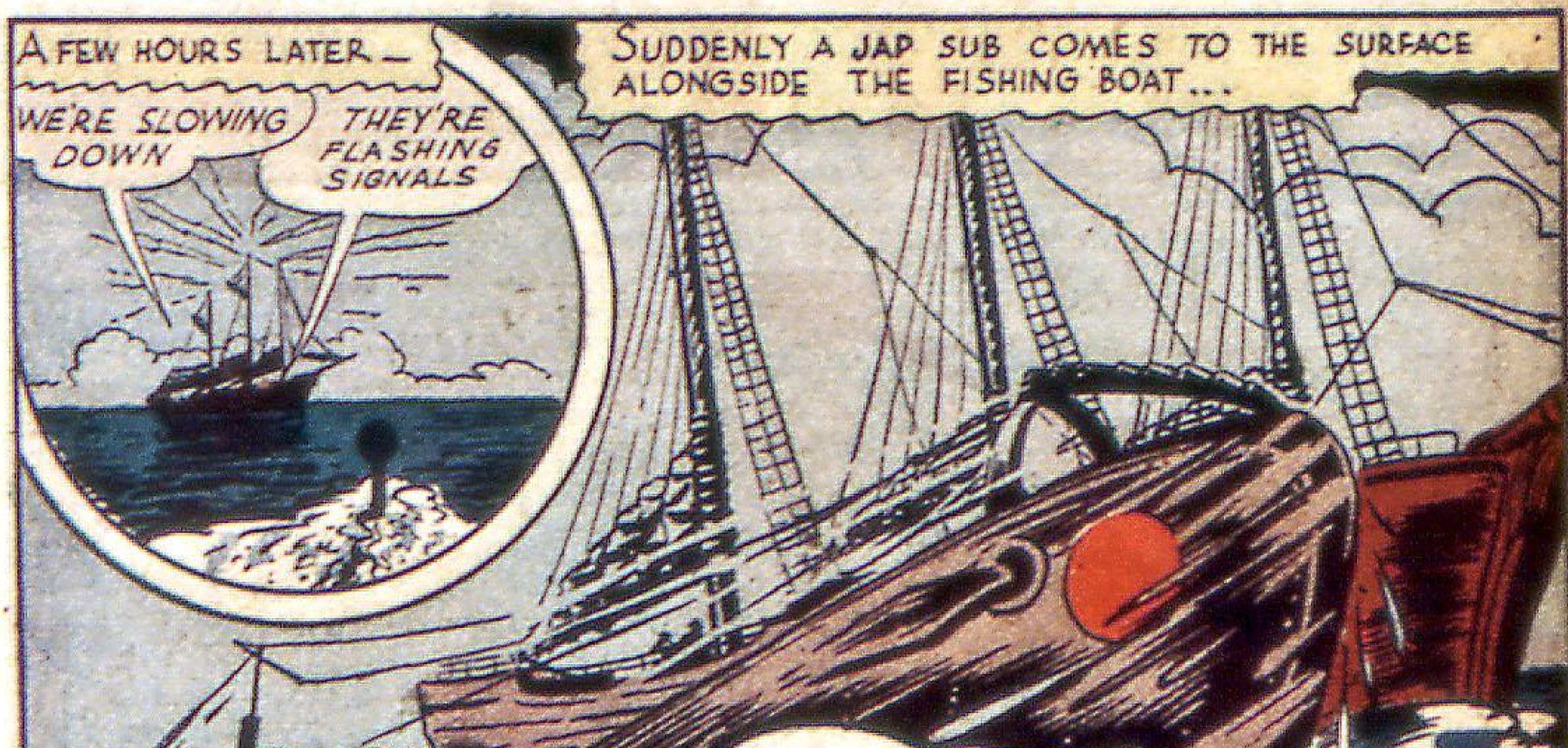

SUBMARINER IS ESCORTED TO THE SHIP'S COMMANDER
HE INSISTED ON SEEING YOU, SIR!
SUBMARINER, HOW ARE YOU? WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
THE TRAP IS SET...
WE HAVE SUSPECTED THIS "ZIPPER" BUT WE WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS JAP'S GAME IS. YOU RETURN AND AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS. REMEMBER INSTRUCTIONS, WE'LL WATCH EVERY BOAT
I WON'T FAIL, SIR.
RETURNING TO THE DUNGEON, SUBMARINER AND THE OTHER PRISONERS ARE HERDED THRU A SECRET DOOR...
ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE'LL DRILL YOU!
DO AS THEY SAY, MEN!
THE PRISONERS ARE FORCED TO BOARD A FISHING BOAT JUST ACROSS THE DOCK.
STEP ON IT!!
LOCKED IN THE HOLD OF THE JAP FISHING VESSEL, THE PRISONERS MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY
OIL! LISTEN. I CONTACTED THE COAST GUARD. DO AS I TELL YOU. IT MEANS LIFE OR DEATH FOR ALL OF US!
THE MEN ARE ORDERED ON DECK BY THE JAP COMMANDER...
ON DECK PLEASE!!
ON YOUR TOES NOW, MEN!

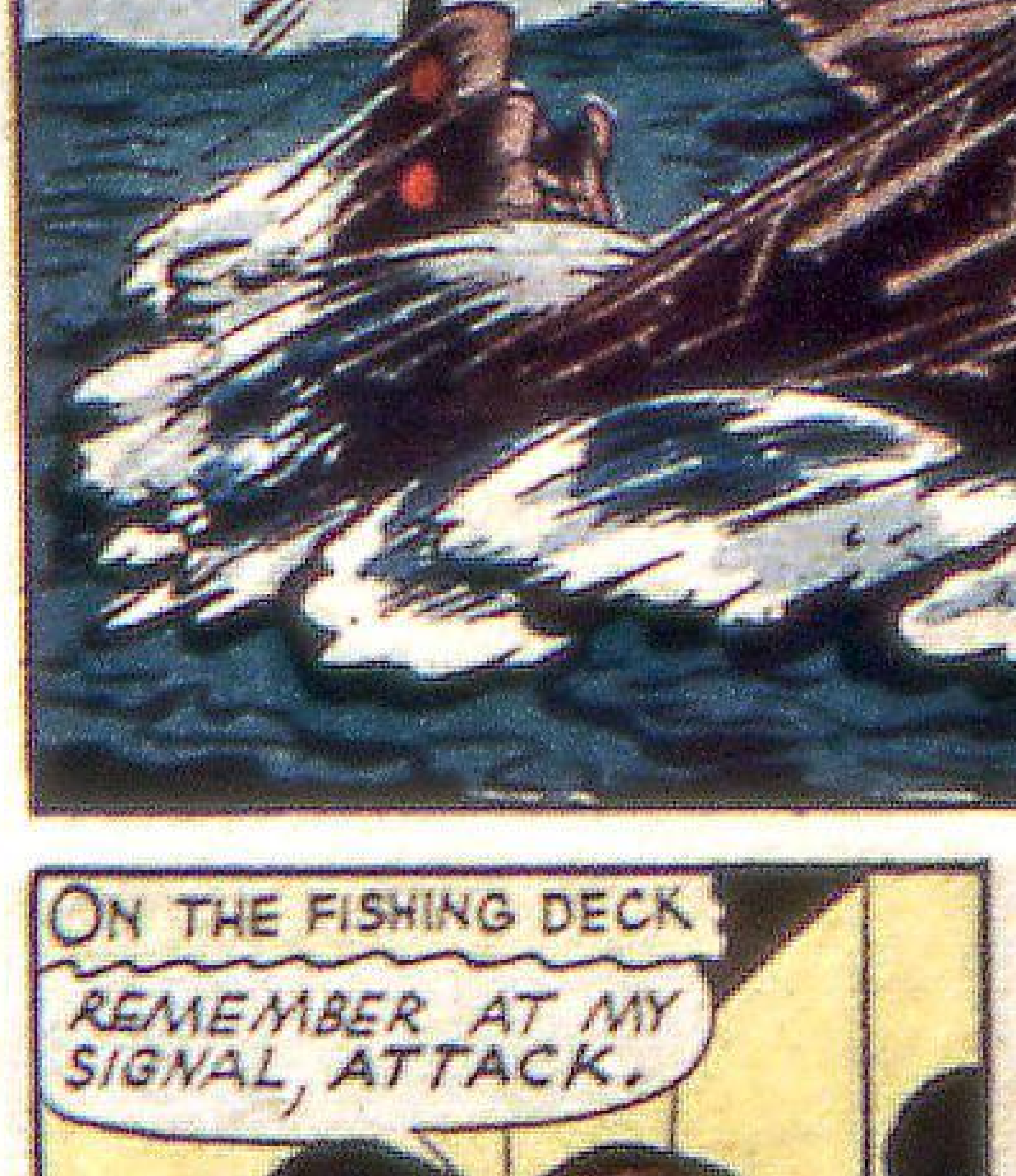

ON DECK, AT THE POINT OF MACHINE-GUNS...
NIPPONESE MASTERS HERE. OBEY OR YOU DIE!
GIVE ME THE ORDERS AND THE MEN WILL OBEY.
LET IT BE SO!
A FISHING BOAT IS SPOTTED BY THE COAST GUARD CUTTER.
FISHING BOAT OFF THE STARBOARD, SIR!
THAT MAY BE IT. WE'LL HAIL HER!
AS THE CUTTER APPROACHES, THE JAP GIVES HIS ORDERS TO SUBMARINER
ANSWER LIKE A CAPTAIN. OTHER MEN ACT LIKE CREW.
AYE AYE SIR!!!
SUBMARINER GIVES A PRE-ARRANGED SIGNAL TO CUTTER COMMANDER AS HE SHOUTS HIS ANSWER
FISHING BOAT, AHOY!!!
THE MOHAB, CAPTAIN MARINER COMMANDING, SIR!
WHAT SHIP IS THAT?
HAPPY VOYAGE!
SEEKING BIGGER GAME THE CUTTER CLEARS THE FISHING BOAT AS IT HEADS TO SEA
GOOD WORK. NIPPON PLEASED TO FOOL STUPID MELICAN SO EASY.

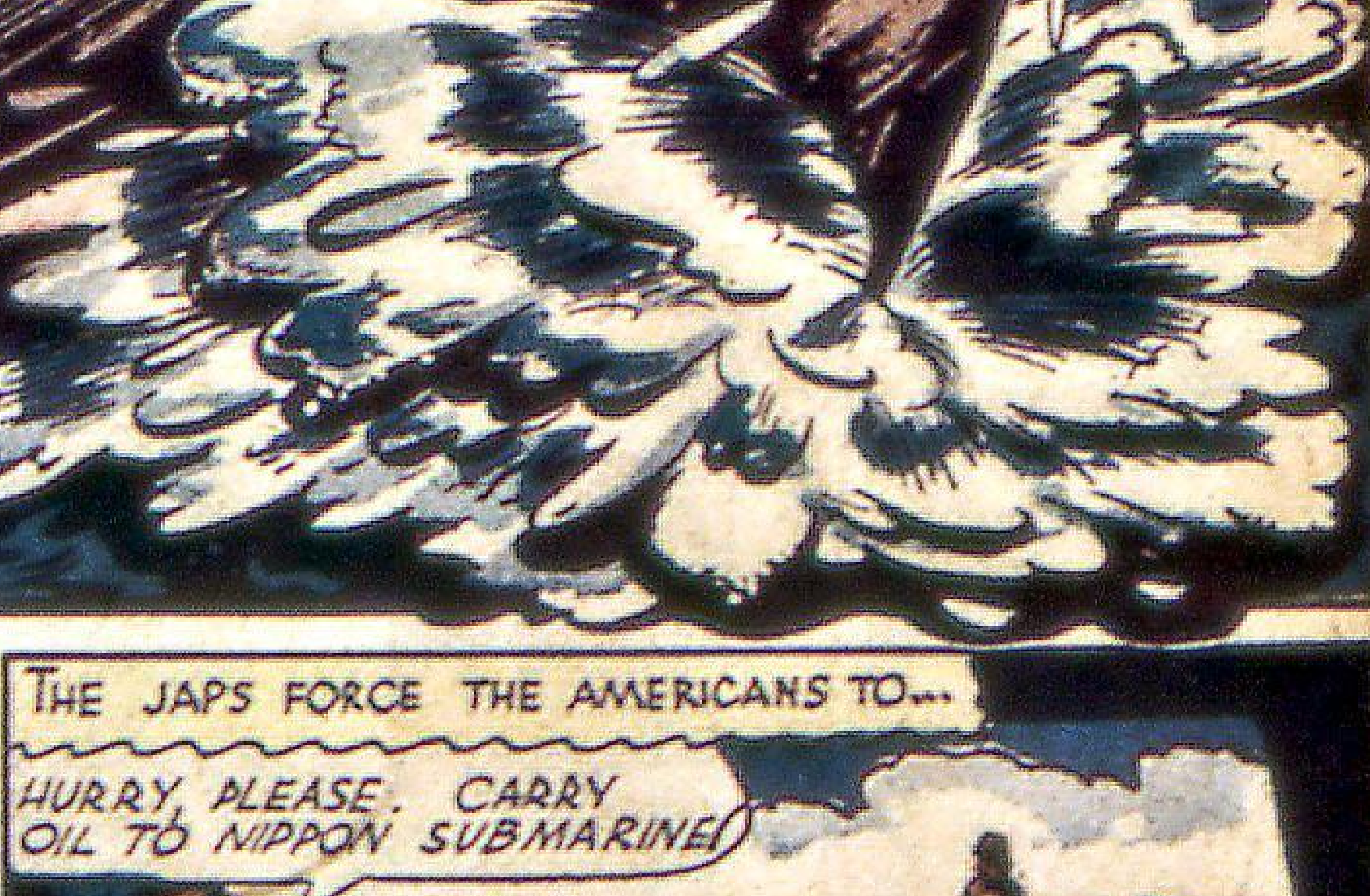

AS THE FISHING BOAT DISAPPEARS IN THE DARKNESS, THE CUTTER'S WIRELESS BUZZES!

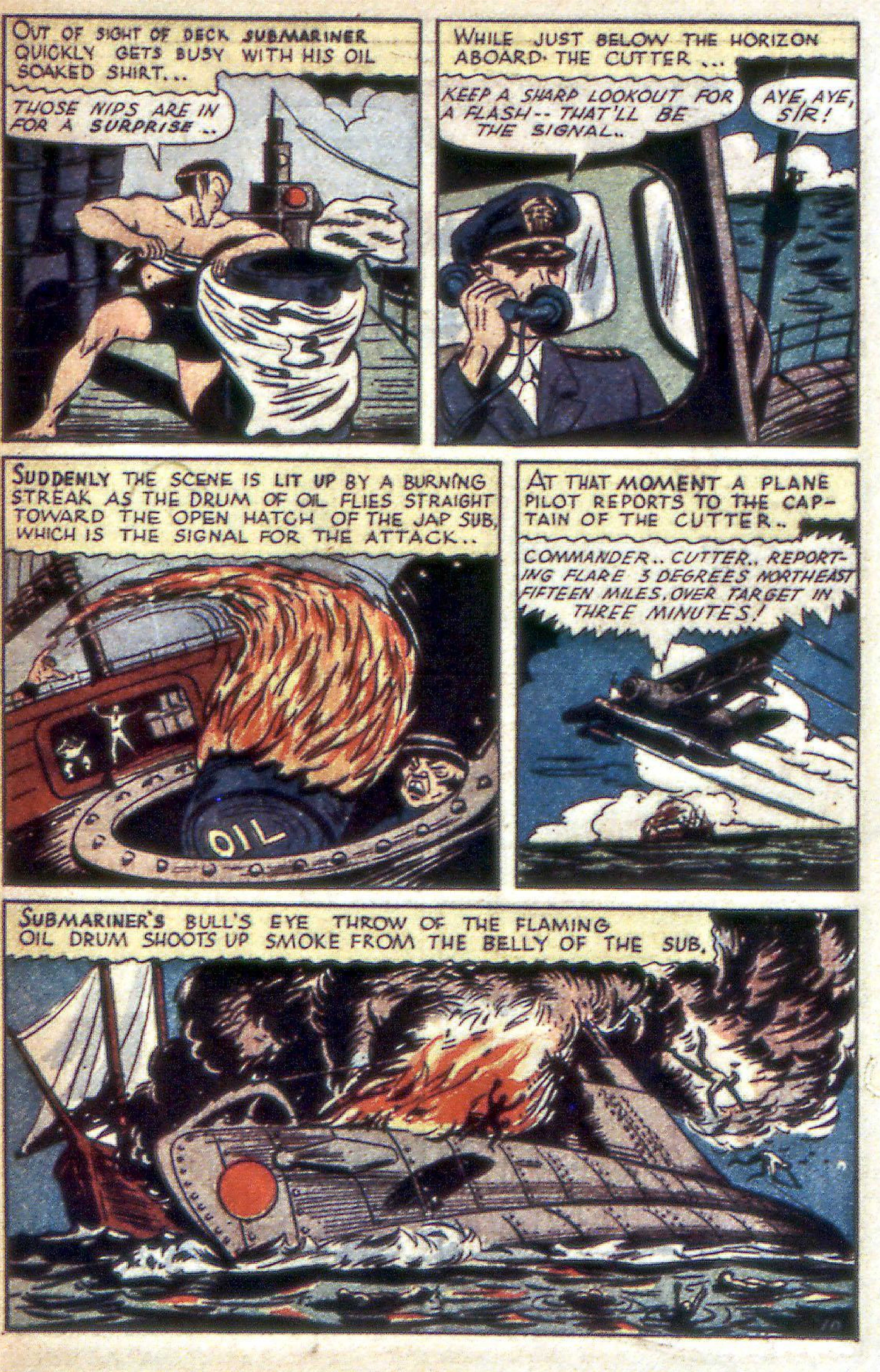

A P.T. BOAT RECEIVES IT'S ORDERS...

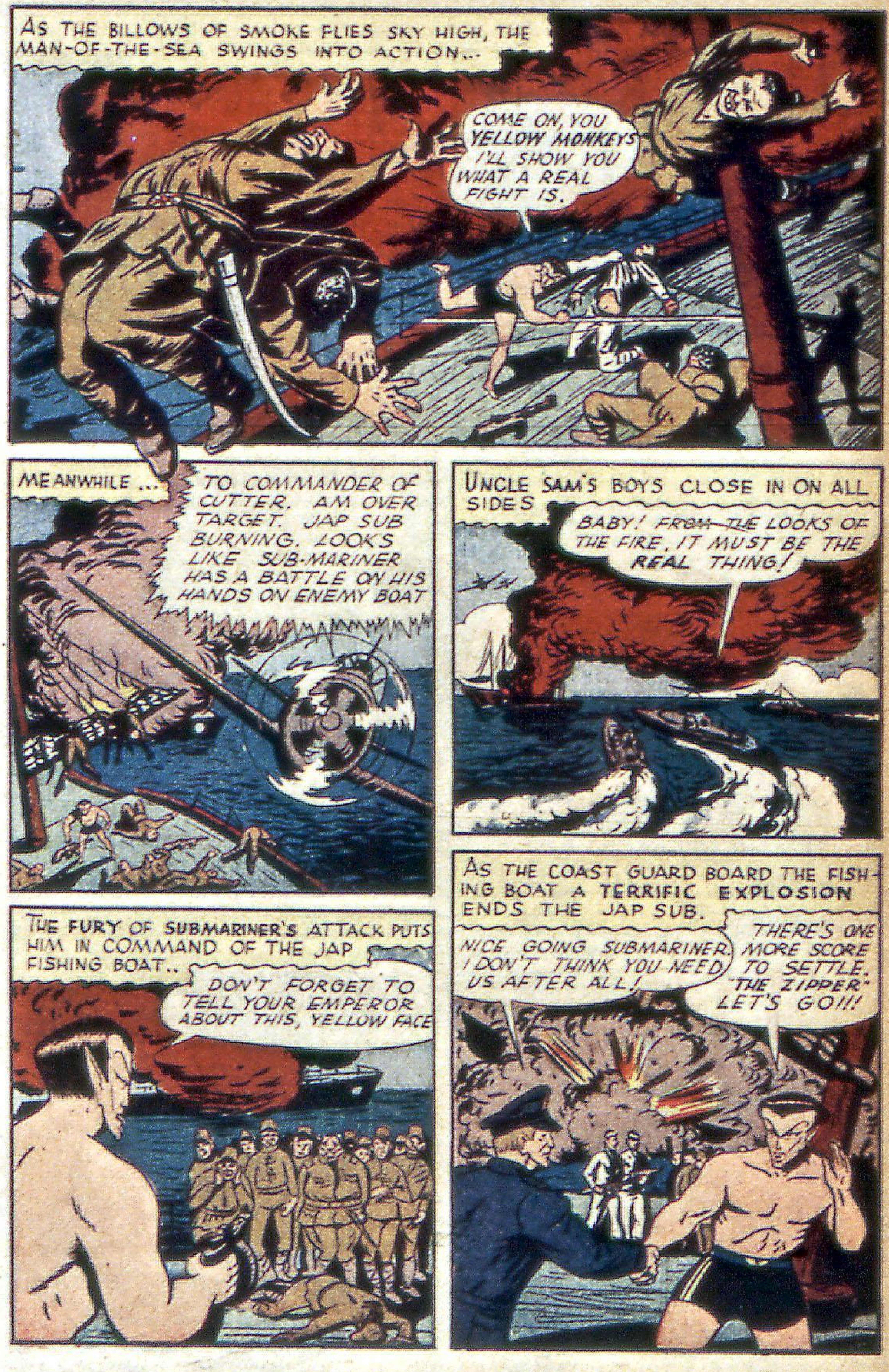

WHILE AT A NEAR-BY AIR FIELD PLANES TAKE OFF...

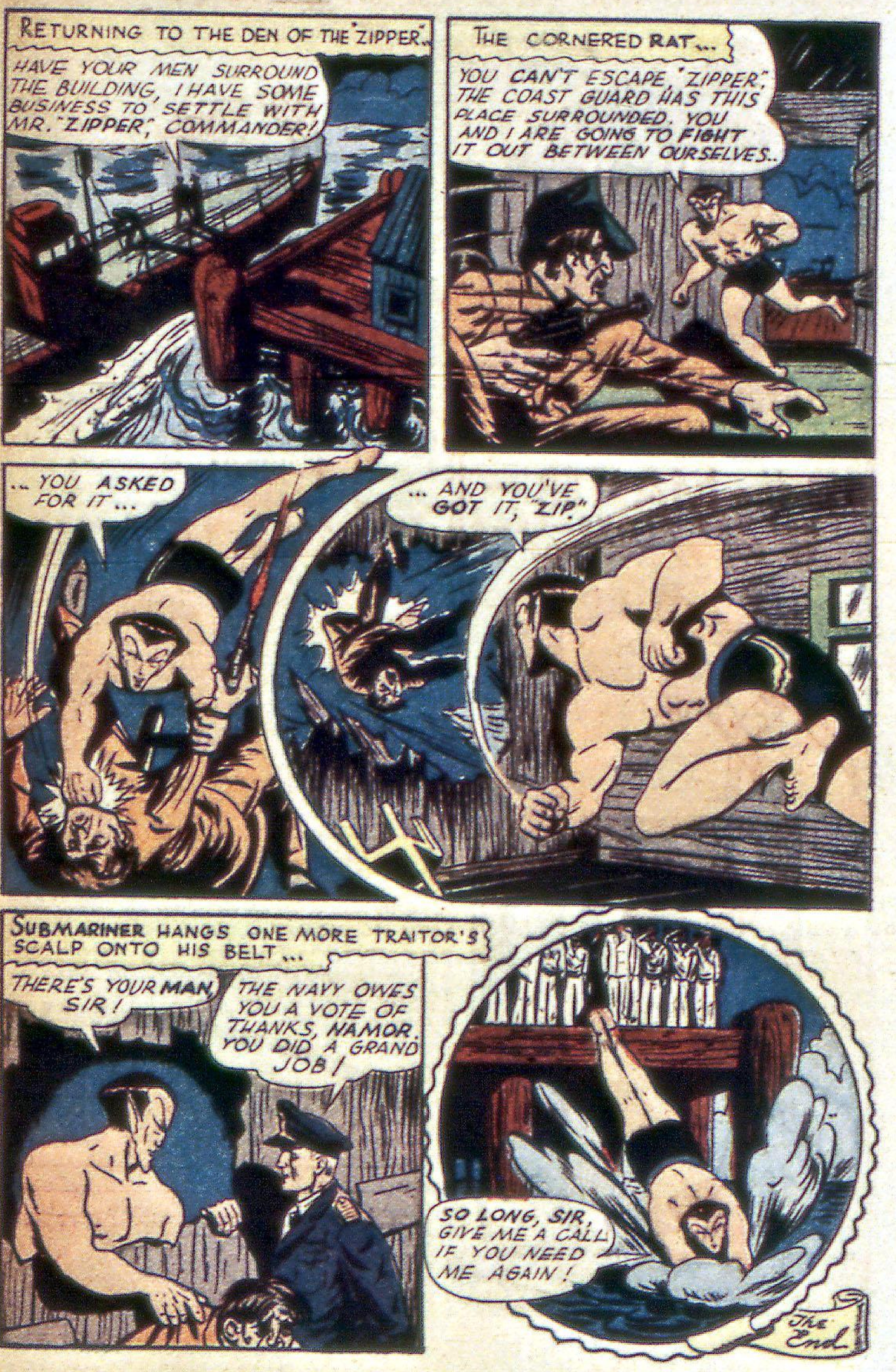

A FEW HOURS LATER_
WE'RE SLOWING DOWN
THEY'RE FLASHING SIGNALS
SUDDENLY A JAP SUB COMES TO THE SURFACE ALONGSIDE THE FISHING BOAT...

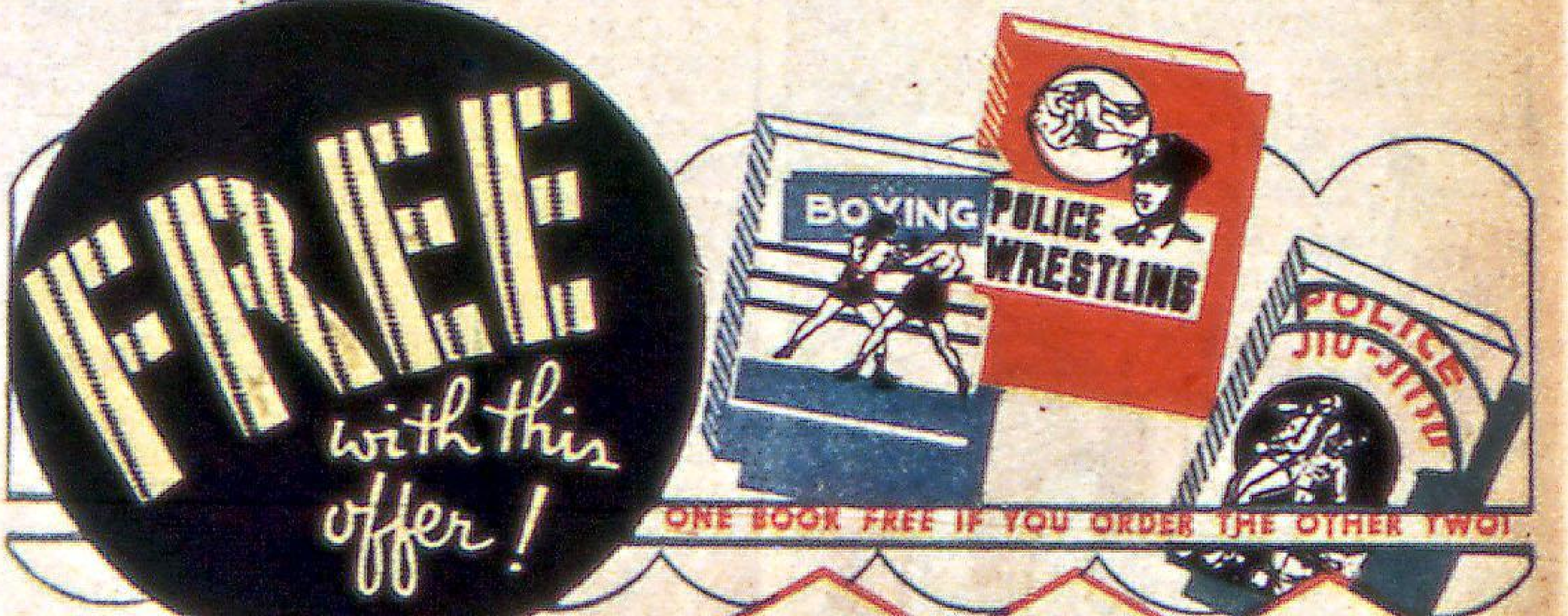

ON THE FISHING DECK
REMEMBER AT MY SIGNAL, ATTACK.


THE JAPS FORCE THE AMERICANS TO...
HURRY, PLEASE. CARRY OIL TO NIPPON SUBMARINE!


OUT OF SIGHT OF DECK SUBMARINER QUICKLY GETS BUSY WITH HIS OIL SOAKED SHIRT..
THOSE NIPS ARE IN FOR A SURPRISE..
WHILE JUST BELOW THE HORIZON ABOARD THE CUTTER...
KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR A FLASH-- THAT'LL BE THE SIGNAL..
AYE, AYE, SIR!
SUDDENLY THE SCENE IS LIT UP BY A BURNING STREAK AS THE DRUM OF OIL FLIES STRAIGHT TOWARD THE OPEN HATCH OF THE JAP SUB, WHICH IS THE SIGNAL FOR THE ATTACK..
OIL
AT THAT MOMENT A PLANE PILOT REPORTS TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE CUTTER..
COMMANDER.. CUTTER.. REPORTING FLARE 3 DEGREES NORTHEAST FIFTEEN MILES, OVER TARGET IN THREE MINUTES!
SUBMARINER'S BULL'S EYE THROW OF THE FLAMING OIL DRUM SHOOTS UP SMOKE FROM THE BELLY OF THE SUB.


AS THE BILLOWS OF SMOKE FLIES SKY HIGH, THE MAN-OF-THE-SEA SWINGS INTO ACTION...
COME ON, YOU **YELLOW MONKEYS** I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT A REAL FIGHT IS.
MEANWHILE ...
TO COMMANDER OF CUTTER. AM OVER TARGET. JAP SUB BURNING. LOOKS LIKE SUB-MARINER HAS A BATTLE ON HIS HANDS ON ENEMY BOAT
UNCLE SAM'S BOYS CLOSE IN ON ALL SIDES
BABY! ~~FROM THE~~ LOOKS OF THE FIRE, IT MUST BE THE **REAL** THING!
THE **FURY** OF **SUBMARINER'S** ATTACK PUTS HIM IN COMMAND OF THE JAP FISHING BOAT..
DON'T FORGET TO TELL YOUR EMPEROR ABOUT THIS, YELLOW FACE
AS THE COAST GUARD BOARD THE FISHING BOAT A **TERRIFIC EXPLOSION** ENDS THE JAP SUB.
NICE GOING SUBMARINER. I DON'T THINK YOU NEED US AFTER ALL!
THERE'S ONE MORE SCORE TO SETTLE. **"THE ZIPPER"** LET'S GO!!!


RETURNING TO THE DEN OF THE "ZIPPER"..
HAVE YOUR MEN SURROUND THE BUILDING, I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO SETTLE WITH MR. "ZIPPER", COMMANDER!
THE CORNERED RAT...
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, "ZIPPER". THE COAST GUARD HAS THIS PLACE SURROUNDED. YOU AND I ARE GOING TO FIGHT IT OUT BETWEEN OURSELVES..
... YOU ASKED FOR IT ...
... AND YOU'VE GOT IT, "ZIP."
SUBMARINER HANGS ONE MORE TRAITOR'S SCALP ONTO HIS BELT...
THERE'S YOUR MAN, SIR!
THE NAVY OWES YOU A VOTE OF THANKS, NAMOR. YOU DID A GRAND JOB!
SO LONG, SIR, GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU NEED ME AGAIN!
The End



BOXING
K.O. Punching, Scientific Boxing, Muscle Building
50c

WRESTLING
Police Wrestling, Destructive Holds, Punishing Grips
50c

JIU-JITSU
As taught to Marines, "G" men, etc.
50c

BE the MASTER—
not the SLAVE—LEARN THIS EASY, QUICK WAY TO DEFEND YOURSELF IN ANY SITUATION . . . ANYWHERE!

HERE'S every science of self-defense, and lethal attack, known to man, wrapped up into one red-blooded package. Here's he-man knowledge that will give you a weapon to overcome any enemy no matter how small you are or how big he is. This new fast-moving system will make you tough—or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

In every dynamite-packed page of these sensational book form instructions, experts teach you through pictures and stories our new method. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly bone-crushing Jiu-Jitsu.

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You will learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You will learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in the privacy of your own home. And what's more, you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. They wanted to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price of these books was made so low that everyone could afford to own them. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

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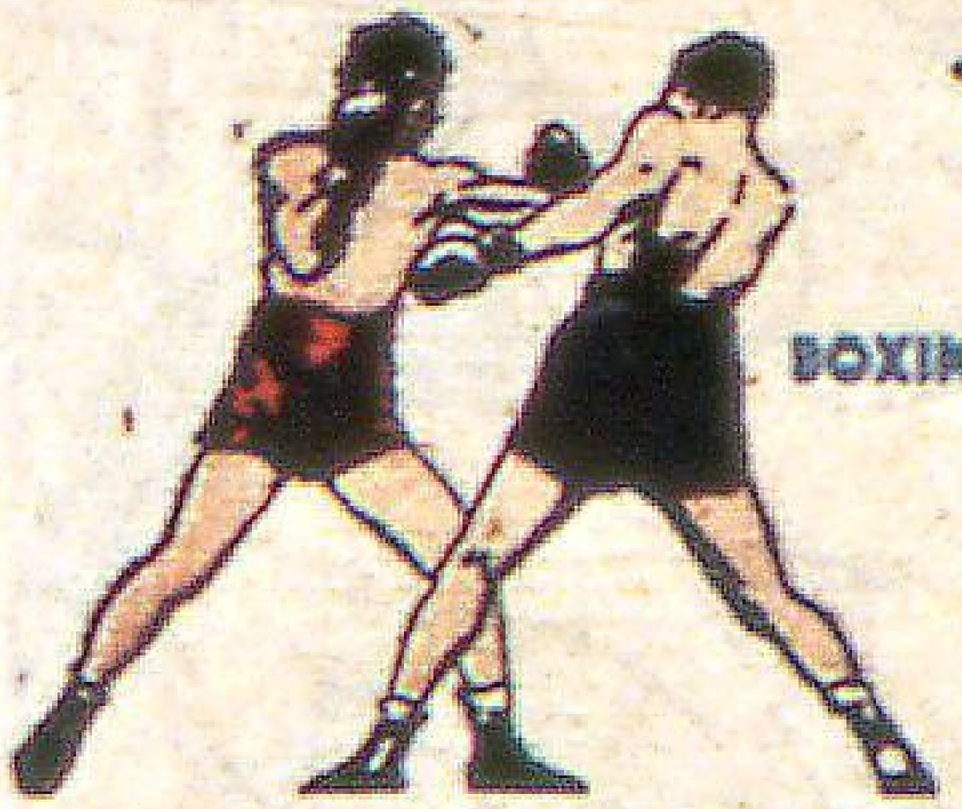

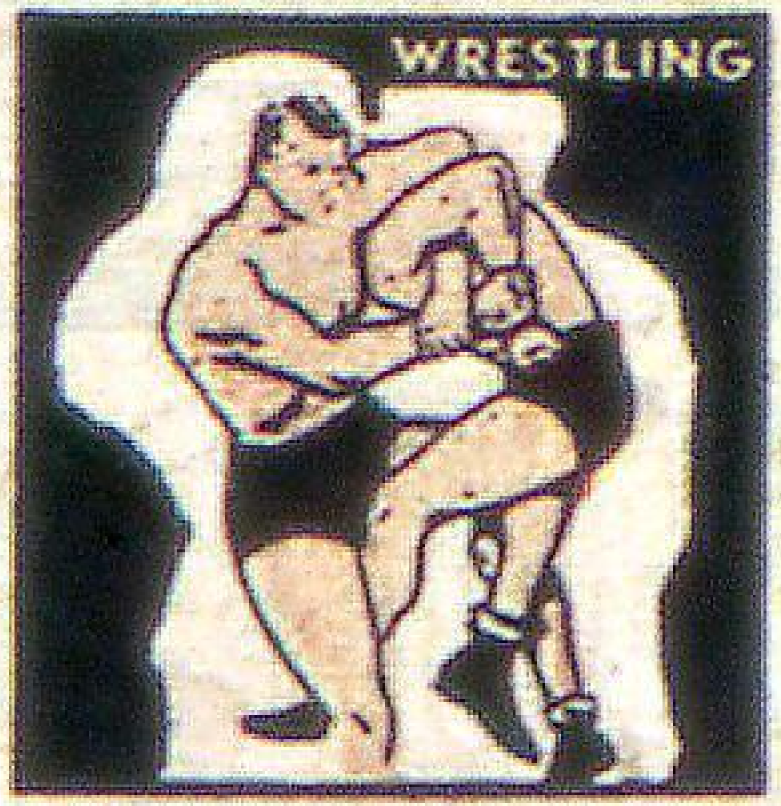

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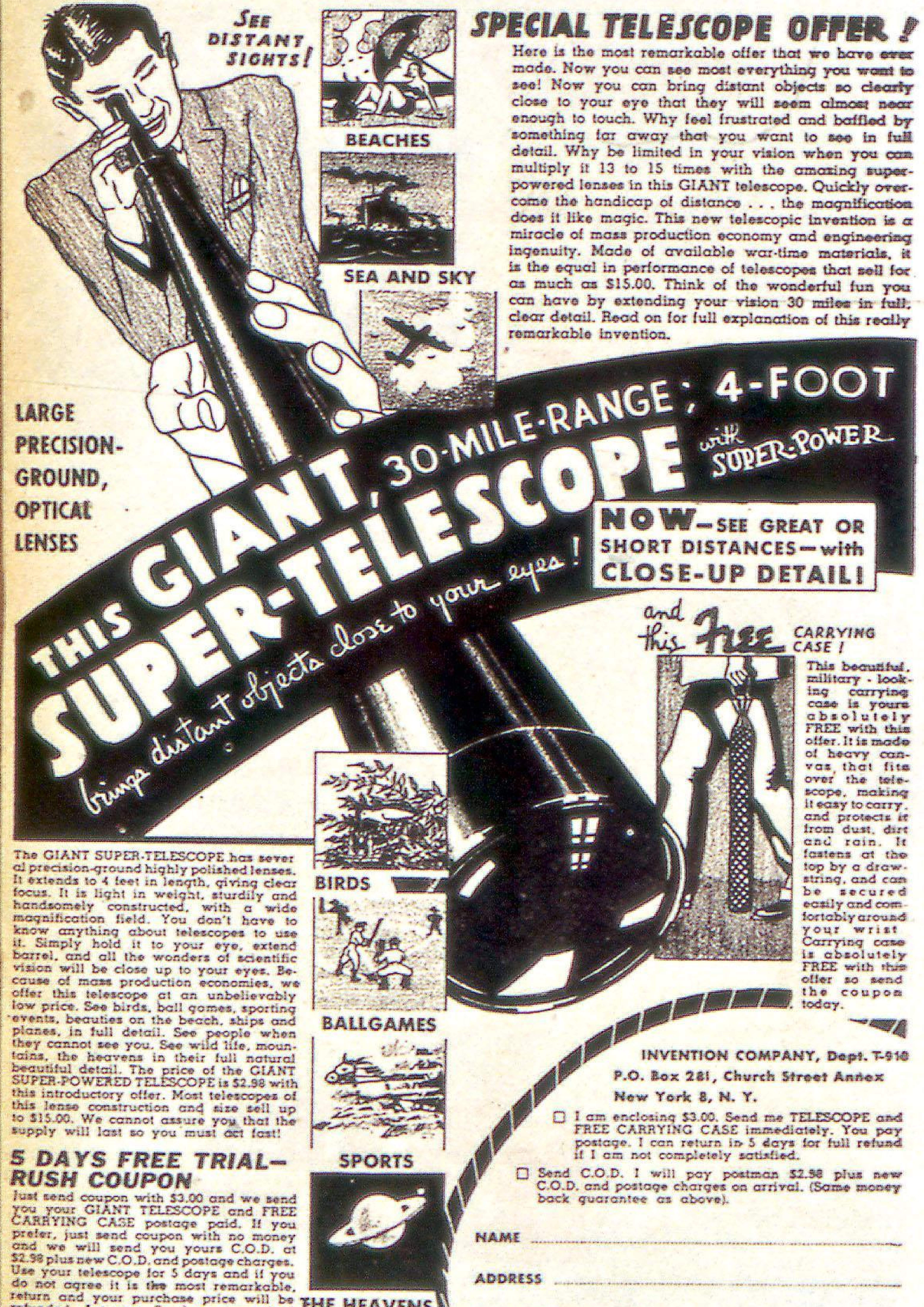
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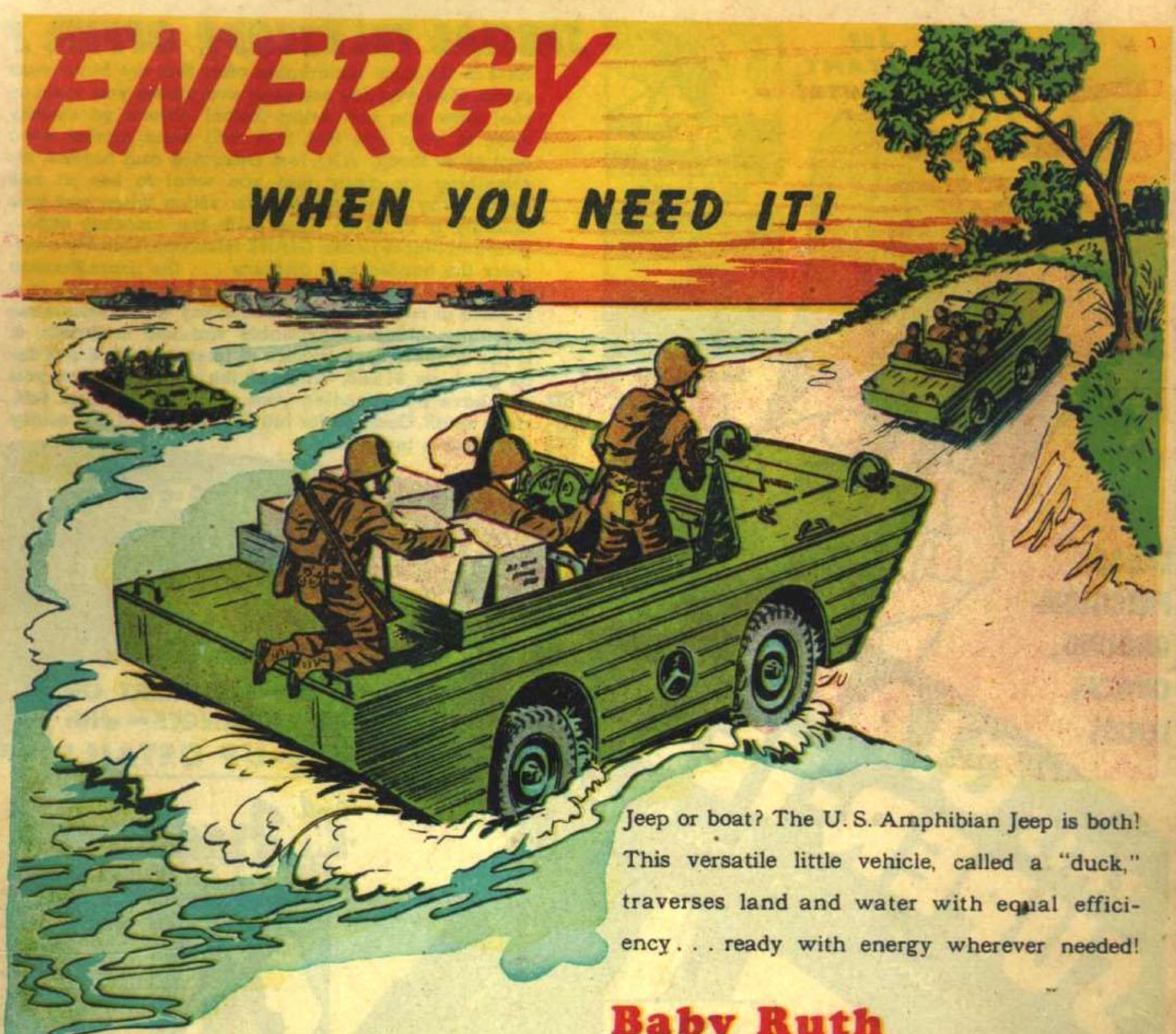
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